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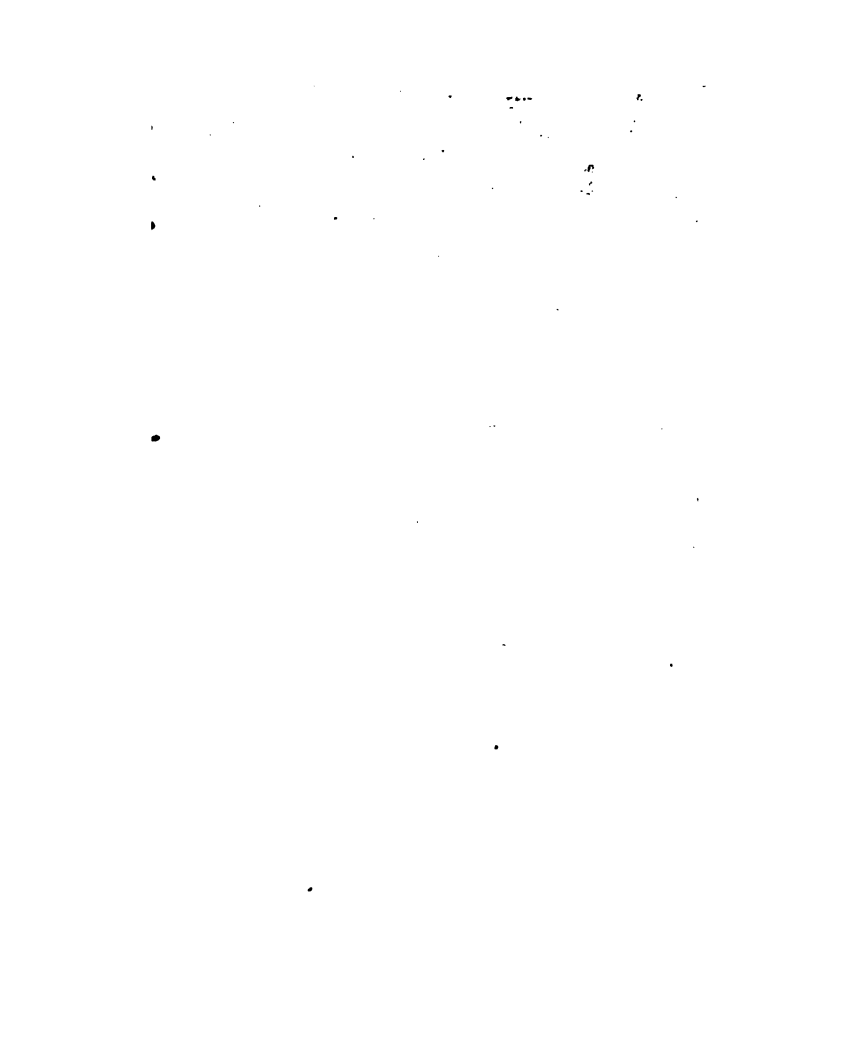
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W. D. & J. N.

THE
LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

OF



NEW YORK:
JOHN W. & CO. 1854.



THE
BEAUTIES

OF

JOHNSON,

CHOICE

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WORKS.

NEW YORK:
LEAVITT & COMPANY,
191 BROADWAY.

.....
1851.



JOHN WILKINS

JOHN WILKINS, 1614-1672

5

THE
BEAUTIES

OF

JOHNSON,
=

CHOICE

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WORKS.

~~—————~~

NEW YORK:
LEAVITT & COMPANY,
191 BROADWAY.

.....
1861.



DR. JAMES
HARRISON

THE
BEAUTIES
OF
JOHNSON,
=

CHOICE

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WORKS.


NEW YORK:
LEAVITT & COMPANY,
191 BROADWAY.

.....
1851.

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JOHNSON.

Actions.

THINGS may be seen differently, and differently shown ; but *actions* are visible, though motives are secret.

Life of Cowley.

Authors.

There are those who condemn authors for a want of *novelty*, which they are only *supposed to want*, from their accusers having already found similar thoughts in later books ; not knowing, or inquiring, who produced them first. This treatment is unjust. Let not the original author lose by his imitators.

Life of Waller.

The writer who thinks his works formed for duration, mistakes his interest when he mentions his enemies. He degrades his own dignity by showing that he was affected by their censures, and gives lasting importance to names, which, left to

themselves would vanish from remembrance.

Life of Dryden.

To judge rightly of an author, we must transport ourselves to his time, and examine what were the wants of his contemporaries, and what were his means of supplying them. That which is easy at one time, was difficult at another.

Ibid.

The two most engaging powers of an author are, to make *new* things *familiar*, and *familiar* things *new*.

Life of Pope.

Making any material alterations in the works of a writer, after his death, is a liberty which, as it has a manifest tendency to lessen the confidence of society, and to confound the characters of authors by making one man write by the judgment of another, cannot be justified by any supposed propriety of the alteration or kindness of the friend.

Life of Thomson.

There is nothing more dreadful to an author than *neglect*;—compared with which, reproach, hatred, and opposition, are names of happiness: yet this worst, this meanest *fate*, every one who dares to write has reason to fear.

Rambler, vol. 1.

A successful author is equally in danger of the diminution of his fame, whether he continues or ceases to write. The regard of the public is not to be kept but by tribute; and the remembrance of past service will quickly languish, unless successive performances frequently revive it. Yet in every new attempt there is new hazard; and there are few who do not, at some unlucky time, injure their own characters by attempting to enlarge them.

Rambler, vol. 1.

He that lays out his labours upon temporary subjects easily finds readers, and quickly loses them: for what should make the book valued, when its subject is no more?

Idler, vol. 2.

The task of an author is either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light upon the mind, and open new scenes to the prospect, or vary the dress and situation of common objects, so as to give them fresh grace and more powerful attractions; to spread such flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progress, as may tempt it to return, and take a second

view of things hastily passed over, or negligently regarded.

Rambler, vol. 1.

An author who sacrifices virtue to convenience, and seems to write without any moral purpose, even the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time and place.

Preface to Shakspeare.

Many causes may vitiate a writer's judgment of his own works. On that which has cost him much labour he sets a high value, because he is unwilling to think he has been diligent in vain; what has been produced without toilsome effort is considered with delight, as a proof of vigorous faculties and fertile invention; and the last work, whatever it be, has necessarily most of the grace of novelty.

Life of Milton.

A writer who obtains his full purpose loses himself in his own lustre. Of an opinion which is no longer doubted, the evidence ceases to be examined. Of an art universally practised, the teacher is forgotten. Learning once made popular is no longer learning; it has the appearance of something which we have bestowed upon

ourselves, as the dew appears to rise from the field which it refreshes.

Life of Dryden

He that expects flights of wit, and sallies of pleasantry, from a successful writer, will be often disappointed. A man of letters, for the most part, spends in the privacies of study that season of life in which the manners are to be softened into ease, and polished into elegance; and when he has gained knowledge enough to be respected, has neglected the minuter arts by which he might have pleased. *Rambler*, vol. 1.

He by whose writings the heart is rectified, the appetites counteracted, and the passions repressed, may be considered as not unprofitable to the great republic of humanity, even though his own behaviour should not always exemplify his rules. His instructions may diffuse their influence to regions in which it will not be inquired, whether the author be good or bad; to times when all his faults, and all his follies, shall be lost in forgetfulness, among things of no concern or importance to the world; and he may kindle in thousands, and ten thousands, that flame which burnt but dimly in himself, through the fumes of passion.

or the damps of cowardice. The vicious moralist may be considered as a taper by which we are lighted through the labyrinth of complicated passions; he extends his radiance farther than his heart, and guides all that are within view, but burns only those who make too near approaches.

Rambler, vol. 2.

But the wickedness of a loose or profane author, in his writings, is more atrocious than that of the giddy libertine, or drunken ravisher; not only because it extends its effects wider, (as a pestilence that taints the air is more destructive than poison infused in a draught,) but because it is committed with cool deliberation. By the instantaneous violence of desire, a good man may sometimes be surprised before reflection can come to his rescue: when the appetites have strengthened their influence by habit, they are not easily resisted or suppressed; but for the frigid villany of studious lewdness, for the calm malignity of laboured impiety, what apology can be invented? What punishment can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to solitude for the refinement of debauchery? who tortures his fancy, and ransacks his memory, only that he may leave the world less

virtuous than he found it? that he may intercept the hopes of the rising generation, and spread snares for the soul with more dexterity?

Rambler, vol. 2.

He that teaches us any thing which we knew not before is undoubtedly to be revered as a master; he that conveys knowledge by more pleasing ways may very properly be loved as a benefactor; and he that supplies life with innocent amusement will be certainly cherished as a pleasing companion.

Idler, vol. 2.

Affectation.

Affectation naturally counterfeits those excellences which are placed at the greatest distance from possibility of attainment, because, knowing our own defects, we eagerly endeavour to supply them with artificial excellence.

Rambler, vol. 4.

Affectation is to be always distinguished from *hypocrisy*, as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities which we might with innocence and safety be known to want. Hypocrisy is the necessary burthen of villany—affectation part of the chosen *trappings of folly*.

Ibid., vol. 1.

Every man speaks and writes with an intent to be understood; and it can seldom happen, but he that understands himself might convey his notions to another, if, content to be understood, he did not seek to be admired; but when once he begins to contrive how his sentiments may be received, not with most ease to his reader, but with most advantage to himself, he then transfers his consideration from words to sounds, from sentences to periods, and, as he grows more elegant, becomes less intelligible.

Idler, vol. 1.

Agriculture.

Agriculture not only gives riches to a nation, but the only riches we can call our own, and of which we need not fear either deprivation or diminution.

Universal Visitor.

Of nations, as of individuals, the first blessing is independence. Neither the man nor the people can be happy to whom any human power can deny the necessities or conveniences of life. There is no way of living, without foreign assistance, *but by the product of our own land improved by our own labour*. Every other source of plenty is perishable or casual. Iva.

Age

It has been found by the experience of mankind, that not even the best seasons of life are able to supply sufficient gratifications without anticipating uncertain felicities: it cannot, surely, be supposed that old age, worn with labours, harassed with anxieties, and tortured with diseases, should have any gladness of its own, or feel any satisfaction from the contemplation of the present. All the comfort that now can be expected must be recalled from the past, or borrowed from the future: the past is very soon exhausted; all the events or actions of which the memory can afford pleasure are quickly recollected; and the future lies beyond the grave, where it can be reached only by virtue and devotion.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hope, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulf of bottomless misery, in which every reflection must plunge him deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguish, and precipices of horror.

Rambler, vol. 2.

He that would pass the latter part of his life with honour and decency, must, when he is *young*, consider that he shall one day be *old*, and remember, when he is *old*, that he has once been *young*. *Rambler*, vol. 1.

Age seldom fails to change the conduct of youth. We grow negligent of time in proportion as we have less remaining, and suffer the last part of life to steal from us in languid preparations for future undertakings, or slow approaches to remote advantages, in weak hopes of some fortuitous occurrence, or drowsy equilibrations of undetermined counsel: whether it be that the aged, having tasted the pleasures of man's condition, and found them delusive, become less anxious for their attainment; or that frequent miscarriages have depressed them to despair, and frozen them to inactivity or that death shocks them more as it advances upon them, and they are afraid to remind themselves of their decay, or discover to their own hearts that the time of trifling is past. *Ibid.* vol. 3.

The truth of many maxims of age gives too little pleasure to be allowed till it is felt and the miseries of life would be increased beyond all human power of endurance, if

we were to enter the world with the same opinions we carry from it. *Rambler*, vol. 4.

There is sometimes a dotage encroaching upon wisdom, that produces contradictions. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man fails not in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but, as the mind gets enfeebled, he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into its former train.

Notes upon Shakspeare, vol 10

Vanity of wishing for old Age.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days :
In health and sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted—is protracted wo.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy :
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal and the vernal flower :

With listless eyes the dotard views the store ;
He views, and wonders that they please no more.
Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels ; try the soothing strain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain.
No sound, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear.
Tho' dancing mountains witness Orpheus near.
No lute nor lyre his feeble power attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend ;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest ;
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering
sneer,

And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains :
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debts and mortgages of lands ;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

*But grant the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;*

An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
 And glides in modest innocence away,
 Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
 Whose night congratulating conscience cheers,
 The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend;—
 Such age there is, and who would wish its end?—
 Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
 To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
 Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
 Now lacerated friendship claims a tear;
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
 New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage;
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

Vanity of Human Wishes

Age and Youth.

Such is the condition of life that something is always wanting to happiness. In youth we have warm hopes, which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence, and great designs, which are defeated by inexperience. In age we have knowledge and prudence, without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them. we are able to plan schemes and regulate measures, but

have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

Rambler, vol. 4.

Anger.

Men of a *passionate temper* are sometimes not without understanding or virtue, and are therefore not always treated with the severity which their neglect of the ease of all about them might justly provoke. They have obtained a kind of prescription for their folly, and are considered by their companions as under a predominant influence, that leaves them not master of their conduct or language, as acting without consciousness, and rushing into mischief with a mist before their eyes. They are therefore pitied rather than censured; and their sallies are passed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the spasms of a convulsion.

It is surely not to be observed without indignation, that men may be found of minds mean enough to be satisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain *the privilege of madmen*, and can, without shame, and without regret, consider themselves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them contin-

ual opportunities of exercising their patience and boasting their clemency.

Rambler, vol. 1.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyric on the duke of Dorset, that his servants used to put themselves in his way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities which he made them suffer. This is the round of a passionate man's life—he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue (if he has virtue) obliges him to discharge at the return of his reason. He spends his time in outrage and acknowledgment, injury and reparation.

Ibid

Nothing is more despicable, or more miserable, than the old age of a passionate man. When the vigour of youth fails him, and his amusements pall with frequent repetition, his occasional rage sinks, by decay of strength, into peevishness; that peevishness, for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls off from around him; and he is left, as Homer expresses it, to *devour his own heart* in solitude and contempt.

Ibid.

The maxim which Periander of Corinth,

one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, "Be master of your anger." He considered anger as the great disturber of human life; the chief enemy both of public happiness and private tranquillity, and thought he could not lay on posterity a stronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion. Pride is undoubtedly the origin of anger; but pride, like every other passion, if it once breaks loose from reason, counteracts its own purposes. A passionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has considered how his outrages were caused, why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end at last. *Rambler*, vol. 1.

There is an inconsistency in anger very common in life; which is, that those, who are vexed to impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves; but, when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves,—the deformity and folly of useless rage. *Notes upon Shakspeare*, vol. 6

Avarice.

Avarice is a uniform and tractable vice; other intellectual distempers are different in different constitutions of mind. That which soothes the pride of one, will offend the pride of another; but to the favour of the covetous bring money, and nothing is denied.

Prince of Abyssinia.

The Ancients.

Such is the general conspiracy of human nature against contemporary merit, that if we had inherited from antiquity enough to afford employment for the laborious, and amusement for the idle, what room would have been left for modern genius or modern industry? Almost every subject would have been pre-occupied, and every style would have been fixed by a precedent from which few would have ventured to depart: every writer would have had a rival whose superiority was already acknowledged, and to whose fame his work would, even before it was seen, be marked out for a sacrifice.

Idler, vol. 2.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from

prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance. All, perhaps, are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity.

Preface to Shakspeare.

Adversity.

Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself; and this effect it must produce, by withdrawing flatterers, whose business it is to hide our weaknesses from us; or by giving loose to malice, and license to reproach; or, at least, by cutting off those pleasures which called us away from meditation on our own conduct, and repressing that pride which too easily persuades us that we merit whatever we enjoy.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Advice.

The chief rule to be observed in the exercise of this dangerous office of giving ADVICE is, to preserve it pure from all mixture of *interest* or *vanity*; to forbear admonition or reproof when our consciences

tell us that they are incited, not by the hopes of reforming faults, but the desire of showing our discernment, or gratifying our own pride by the mortification of another. It is not indeed certain that the most refined caution will find a proper time for bringing a man to the knowledge of his own failings, or the most zealous benevolence reconcile him to that judgment by which they are detected. But he who endeavours only the happiness of him whom he re-proves, will always have either the satisfaction of obtaining or deserving kindness : if he succeeds, he benefits his friend ; and if he fails, he has at least the consciousness that he suffers for only doing well.

Rambler, vol. 1.

It was the maxim, I think, of Alphonsus of Arragon, that *dead counsellors are safest*. The grave puts an end to flattery and artifice, and the information we receive from books is pure from interest, fear, and ambition. Dead counsellors are likewise most instructive, because they are heard with patience and with reverence. We are not unwilling to believe that man wiser than ourselves, from whose abilities we may receive advantage, without any danger of rivalry or opposition, and who affords us the

light of his experience without hurting our eyes by flashes of insolence.

Rambler, vol. 2.

It is not often that a man can have so much knowledge of another as is necessary to make instruction useful. We are sometimes not ourselves conscious of the original motives of our actions, and when we know them, our first care is to hide them from the sight of others, and often from those most diligently whose superiority, either of power or understanding, may entitle them to inspect our lives. It is therefore very probable that he, who endeavours the cure of our intellectual maladies, mistakes their cause, and that his prescriptions avail nothing, because he knows not which of the passions, or desires, is vitiated. *Ibid.*

*Ambition—illustrated in the Fate of
Cardinal Wolsey.*

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand;
To him the church, the realm, their powers con-
sign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine.
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;

Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.

At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of
state

Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate;
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is lost the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord;
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Vanity of Human Wishes

Adversary.

Candour and tenderness are, in any relation, and on all occasions, eminently amiable; but when they are found in an adversary, and found so prevalent as to overpower that zeal which his cause excites, and that heat which naturally increases in the prosecution of argument, and which may be, in a great measure, justified by the love of truth, they certainly appear with particular advantages; and it is impossible not to envy those who possess the friendship of him whom it is even some

degree of good fortune to have known as an enemy.

Letter to Dr. Douglas.

Assurance.

He whose stupidity has armed him against the shafts of ridicule, will always act and speak with greater audacity than they whose sensibility represses their ardour, and who dare never let their confidence outgrow their abilities.

Rambler, vol. 3.

Abstinence.

To set the mind above the appetites is the end of abstinence ; which one of the fathers observes to be, not a virtue, but the *ground-work of a virtue*. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigour to resolution, and secure the power of resistance when pleasure or interest shall lend their charms to guilt.

Idler, vol. 1.

Auction.

He that has lived without knowing to what height desire may be raised by vanity, with what rapture bawbles are snatched out of the hands of rival collectors ; how the eagerness of one raises eagerness in another, and one worthless purchase makes

another necessary, may, by passing a few hours at an *auction*, learn more than can be shown by many volumes of maxims or essays.

Idler, vol. 2.

Atheist.

It has been long observed that an atheist has no just reason for endeavouring conversions; and yet none harass those minds, which they can influence, with more importunity of solicitation to adopt their opinions. In proportion as they doubt the truth of their own doctrines, they are desirous to gain the attestation of another understanding, and industriously labour to win a proselyte; and eagerly catch at the slightest pretence to dignify their sect with a celebrated name.

Life of Sir T. Browns.

Anticipation.

Whatever advantage we snatch beyond a certain portion allotted us by nature, is like money spent before it is due, which, at the time of regular payment, will be missed and regretted.

Idler, vol. 2.

Applause.

It frequently happens that applause abates diligence. Whoever finds himself to have performed more than was demand-

ed, will be contented to spare the labour of unnecessary performances, and sit down to enjoy at ease his superfluities of honour. But long intervals of pleasure dissipate attention and weaken constancy; nor is it easy for him that has sunk from diligence into sloth, to rouse out of his lethargy, to re-collect his notions, re-kindle his curiosity, and engage with his former ardour in the toils of study.

Rambler, vol. 3

Appearances (often deceitful.)

In the condition of men, it frequently happens that grief and anxiety lie hid under the golden robes of prosperity; and the gloom of calamity is cheered by secret radiations of hope and comfort; as in the works of nature the bog is sometimes covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.

Ibid.

Army.

An army, especially a defensive army, multiplies itself. The contagion of enterprise spreads from one heart to another; zeal for a native, or detestation for a foreign sovereign; hope of sudden greatness or riches, friendship or emulation between particular men, or, what are perhaps more general and powerful, desire of novelty,

and impatience of inactivity, fill a camp with adventurers, add rank to rank, and squadron to squadron.

Memoire of the King of Prussia.

Aphorisms.

We frequently fall into error and folly, not because the true principles of action are not known, but because, for a time, they are not remembered: he may therefore justly be numbered among the benefactors of mankind, who contracts the great rules of life into short sentences, that may be easily impressed on the memory, and taught, by frequent recollection, to recur habitually to the mind.

Rambler, vol. 4.

Books.

"*Books*," says Bacon, "*can never teach the use of books.*" The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

Ibid. vol. 3.

No man should think so highly of himself as to imagine he could receive no lights from books, nor so meanly, as to be-

lieve he can discover nothing but what is to be learned from them.

Life of Dr. Boocklass.

When a language begins to teem with books, it is tending to refinement, as those who undertake to teach others must have undergone some labour in improving themselves; they set a proportionate value on their own thoughts, and wish to enforce them by efficacious expressions. Speech becomes imbodied and permanent; different modes and phrases are compared, and the best obtain an establishment. By degrees one age improves upon another; exactness is first obtained, and afterwards elegance. But diction merely vocal is always in its childhood: as no man leaves his eloquence behind him, the new generations have all to learn. There may possibly be books without a polished language, but there can be no polished language without books.

Western Islands.

Benefits.

It is not necessary to refuse benefits from a bad man, when the acceptance implies no approbation of his crimes: nor has the subordinate officer any obligation to exam-

line the opinions or conduct of those under whom he acts, except that he may not be made the instrument of wickedness.

Life of Addison

Burlesque.

Burlesque consists in a disproportion between the style and the sentiments, or between the adventitious sentiments and the fundamental subject. It, therefore, like all bodies compounded of heterogeneous parts, contains in it a principle of corruption. All disproportion is unnatural, and from what is unnatural we can derive only the pleasure which novelty produces. We admire it a while as a strange thing; but when it is no longer strange, we perceive its deformity. It is a kind of artifice, which, by frequent repetition, detects itself; and the reader, learning in time what he is to expect, lays down his book; as the spectator turns away from a second exhibition of those tricks, of which the only use is, to show that they can be played.

Life of Butler.

Beauty.

Beauty is well known to draw after it the persecutions of impertinence; to incite the artifices of envy, and to raise the

flames of unlawful love ; yet among ladies whom prudence or modesty have made most eminent, who has ever complained of the inconveniences of an amiable form, or would have purchased safety by the loss of charms ?

Rambler, vol. 3.

The Danger of Beauty.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begg for each birth the fortune of a face ;
Yet *Vane* could tell what ills from *Beauty* spring,
And *Sedley* curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise ;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night ;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart ;
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall
save,

Each nymph your rival, and each youth your
slave ?

Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls :
'Tis'd with contempt she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain ;
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom and the private friend.

The guardians yield by force superior plied,
To int'rest, Prudence ; and to flatt'ry, Pride ;
Now Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Vanity of Human Wishes

Biography.

The necessity of complying with times, and of sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography. History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost for ever. What is known can seldom be immediately told, and when it might be told, is no longer known.

Life of Addison.

The writer of his own life has at least the first qualification of an historian, the knowledge of the truth ; and though it may plausibly be objected, that his temptations to disguise it are equal to his opportunities of knowing it, yet it cannot but be thought, that impartiality may be expected with equal confidence from him that relates the passages of his own life, as from him that delivers the transactions of another. What is collected by conjecture (and by

conjecture only can one man judge of another's motives or sentiments) is easily modified by fancy or desire; as objects imperfectly discerned take forms from the hope or fear of the beholder. But that which is fully known cannot be falsified but with reluctance of understanding, and alarm of conscience;—of understanding, the lover of truth;—of conscience, the sentinel of virtue.

Idler, vol. 2.

Bustlers.

There is a kind of men who may be classed under the name of *bustlers*, whose *business* keeps them in perpetual motion, yet whose motion *always eludes their business*; who are always to do what they never do; who cannot stand still because they are wanted in another place, and who are wanted in many places because they can stay in none.

Ibid. vol. 1.

Benevolence.

That benevolence is always strongest which arises from participation of the same pleasures, since we are naturally most willing to revive in our minds the memory of persons with whom the idea of enjoyment is connected.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Business.

It very seldom happens to a man that his business is his pleasure. What is done from necessity is so often to be done when against the present inclination, and so often fills the mind with anxiety, that an habitual dislike steals upon us, and we shrink involuntarily from the remembrance of our task. This is the reason why almost every one wishes to quit his employment; he does not like another state, but is disgusted with his own.

Idler, vol. 2.

Natural Bounties.

If the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the universe, perhaps it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greatest plenty, which the condition in life makes of greatest use; and that nothing is penuriously imparted, or placed from the reach of man, of which a more liberal distribution, or a more easy acquisition, would increase real and rational felicity.

Ibid. vol. 1

Confidence.

It may be no less dangerous to claim, on certain occasions, too little than too much.

There is something captivating in spirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield as to a resistless power; nor can he reasonably expect the confidence of others, who too apparently distrusts himself.

Rambler, vol. 1

There would be few enterprises of great labour or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them.

Ibid

Whatever might be a man's confidence in his dependants or followers, on general occasions, there are some of such particular importance, he ought to trust to none but himself, as the same credulity that might prevail upon him to trust another, might induce another to commit the same office to a third, and; at length, that some of them may be deceived. *Life of Drake.*

Commerce.

Commerce, however we may please ourselves with the contrary opinion, is one of the daughters of fortune, inconstant and deceitful as her mother. She chooses her residence where she is least expected, and

shifts her abode when her continuance is, in appearance, most firmly settled.

Universal Visitor.

It may deserve to be inquired, whether a great nation ought to be totally commercial, whether, amidst the uncertainty of human affairs, too much attention to one mode of happiness may not endanger others; whether the pride of riches must not sometimes have recourse to the protection of courage; and whether, if it be necessary to preserve in some part of the empire the military spirit, it can subsist more commodiously in any place than in remote and unprofitable provinces, where it can commonly do little harm, and whence it may be called forth at any sudden exigence.

It must, however, be confessed, that a man who places honour only in successful violence, is a very troublesome and pernicious animal in time of peace, and that the martial character cannot prevail in a whole people, but by the diminution of all other virtues. He that is accustomed to resolve all right into conquest, will have very little tenderness or equity. All the friendship in such a life can be only a confederacy of invasion, or alliance of defence. The strong

must flourish by force, and the weak subsist
by stratagem.

Western Islands.

Complaisance.

There are, indeed, in every place, some particular modes of the ceremonial part of good breeding, which, being arbitrary and accidental, can be learned only by habitude and conversation. Such are the forms of salutation, the different gradations of reverence, and all the adjustments of place and precedence. These, however, may be often violated without offence, if it be sufficiently evident that neither malice nor pride contributed to the failure, but will not atone, however rigidly observed, for the tumour of insolence, or petulance of contempt.

Rambler, vol. 2.

If we would have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants. To the loiterer, who makes appointments which he never keeps; to the consulter, who asks advice which he never takes; to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised; to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied; to the projector, whose happiness is to en-

tertain his friends with expectations, which all but himself know to be vain ; to the economist, who tells of bargains and settlements ; to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles and breach of alliances ; to the usurer, who compares the different funds ; and to the talker, who talks only because he loves to be talking.

Idler, vol. 1.

Charity.

To do the best can seldom be the lot of man ; it is sufficient if, when opportunities are presented, he is ready to do good. How little virtue could be practised if beneficence were to wait always for the most proper objects, and the noblest occasions ;— occasions that may never happen, and objects that may never be found ?

Introduction to the Proceedings of the Committee for clothing French Prisoners.

Censure.

Censure is willingly indulged, because it always implies some superiority. Men please themselves with imagining that they have made a deeper search or wider survey than others, and detected faults and follies which escape vulgar observation.

Rambler, vol

Custom.

To advise a man unaccustomed to the eyes of the multitude to mount a tribunal without perturbation ; to tell him, whose life has passed in the shades of contemplation, that he must not be disconcerted or perplexed in receiving and returning the compliments of a splendid assembly, is to advise an inhabitant of Brazil or Sumatra not to shiver at an English winter, or him who has always lived upon a plain, to look from a precipice without emotion. It is to suppose custom instantaneously controllable by reason, and to endeavour to communicate by precept that which only time and habit can bestow.

Rambler, vol. 3.

Characters.

The opinions of every man must be learned from himself. Concerning his practice it is safest to trust the evidence of others. Where those testimonies concur, no higher degree of certainty can be obtained of his character.

Life of Sir T. Browne.

To get a name can happen but to few. A name, even in the most commercial nation, is one of the few things which cannot

be bought; it is the free gift of mankind, which must be deserved before it will be granted, and is at last unwillingly bestowed.

Idler, vol. 1

Complaint.

To hear complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the duties of friendship: and though it must be allowed, that he suffers most like a hero who hides his grief in silence, yet it cannot be denied, that he who complains acts like a man—like a social being, who looks for help from his fellow-creatures.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Calamity.

Notwithstanding the warnings of philosophers, and the daily examples of losses and misfortunes which life forces upon our observation, such is the absorption of our thoughts in the business of the present day, such the resignation of our reason to empty hopes of future felicity, or such our unwillingness to foresee what we dread, that every calamity comes suddenly upon us, and not only presses us as a burden, but crushes as a blow.

Idler, vol. 1.

Care.

Care will sometimes betray to the appearance of negligence. He that is catching opportunities which seldom occur, will suffer those to pass by unregarded which he expects hourly to return; and he that is searching for remote things will neglect those that are obvious.

Preface to Dictionary.

Choice.

The causes of good and evil are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestable reasons of preference, must live and die inquiring and deliberating.

Prince of Abyssinia.

Captivity.

The man whose miscarriage in a just cause has put him in the power of his enemy, may, without any violation of his integrity, regain his liberty, or preserve his life, by a promise of neutrality; for the stipulation gives the enemy nothing which he had not before. The neutrality of a

captive may be always secured by his imprisonment or death. He that is at the disposal of another, may not promise to aid him in any injurious act, because no power can compel active obedience. He may engage to do nothing, but not to do ill.

Life of Cowley.

Competency.

A competency ought to secure a man from poverty ; or, if he wastes it, make him ashamed of publishing his necessities.

Life of Dryden.

Content.

The foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind ; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

Rambler, vol. 1.

The necessity of erecting ourselves to some degree of intellectual dignity, and of preserving resources of pleasure which may not be wholly at the mercy of accident, is never more apparent than when we turn our eyes upon those whom fortune has let

loose to their own conduct ; who, not being chained down by their condition to a regular and stated allotment of their hours, are obliged to find themselves business or diversion, and, having nothing *within* that can entertain or employ them, are compelled to try all the arts of destroying time.

The general remedy of those who are uneasy without knowing the cause, is change of place. They are willing to imagine that their pain is the consequence of some local inconvenience, and endeavour to fly from it as children from their shadows, always hoping for some more satisfactory delight from every new scene, and always returning home with disappointment and complaint. Such resemble the expedition of cowards, who, for want of venturing to look behind them, think the enemy perpetually at their heels.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Consolation.

No one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means proposed of alleviating. We have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain, whenever they return, and which,

perhaps, might not have revived but by absurd and unseasonable compassion.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than those petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer.

Notes upon Shakspeare, vol. 5.

Curiosity.

Curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge opens new prospects, and produces new incitements to further progress.

Rambler, vol. 2

There is no snare more dangerous to busy and excursive minds than the *cobwebs of petty inquisitiveness*, which entangle them in trivial employments and minute studies, and detain them in a middle state between the tediousness of total inactivity and the fatigue of laborious efforts, enchant them at once with ease and novelty, and vitiate them with the luxury of learning. The necessity of doing some-

thing, and the fear of undertaking much, sinks the historian to a genealogist; the philosopher to a journalist of the weather; and the mathematician to a constructor of dials.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Criticism.

He who is taught by a critic to dislike that which pleased him in his natural state, has the same reason to complain of his instructor, as the madman to rail at his doctor, who, when he thought himself master of Peru, physicked him to poverty.

Idler, vol. 1.

The critic will be led but a little way towards the just estimation of the sublime beauties in works of genius, who judges merely by rules; for whatever part of an art that can be executed or criticised thus, that part is no longer the work of genius, which implies excellence out of the reach of rules.

Ibid. vol. 2.

There is no reason for critics to persecute their predecessors with such implacable anger as they sometimes do. The dead, it is true, can make no resistance; they may be attacked with great security; but, since they can neither feel, nor mend, the

safety of mauling them seems greater than the pleasure. Nor, perhaps, would it much misbecome them to remember, that, amidst all our triumphs over the *nonsensical* and the *senseless*, that we likewise are men, and, as Swift observed to Burnet, "shall soon be among the dead ourselves."

Notes upon Shakspeare, vol. 10.

Critics, like all the rest of mankind, are very frequently misled by interest. The bigotry with which editors regard the authors whom they illustrate or correct, has been generally remarked. Dryden was known to have written most of his critical dissertations only to recommend the work upon which he then happened to be employed; and Addison is suspected to have denied the expediency of poetical justice, because his own Cato was condemned to perish in a good cause. *Rambler*, vol. 2.

The works of a writer whose genius can embellish impropriety, and whose authority can make error venerable, are proper objects of critical inquisition. To expunge faults where there are no excellences, is a task equally useless with that of the chymist, who employs the arts of separation and

refinement upon ore in which no precious metal is contained, to reward his operations.

Rambler, vol. 3

The care of the *theatrical critic* should be, to distinguish error from inability, faults of inexperience from defects of nature. Action irregular and turbulent may be reclaimed; vociferation vehement and confused may be restrained and modulated; the stalk of the tyrant may become the gait of a man; the yell of inarticulate distress may be reduced to human lamentation. All these faults should be, for a time, overlooked, and afterwards censured with gentleness and candour. But if in an actor there appears an utter vacancy of meaning, a frigid equality, a stupid languor, a torpid apathy, the greatest kindness that can be shown him is a speedy sentence of expulsion.

Idler, vol. 1.

Convict.

Imprisonment is afflictive, and ignominious death is fearful; but let the convict compare his condition with that which his actions might reasonably have incurred. The robber might have died in the act of violence by lawful resistance. The man

of fraud might have sunk into the grave whilst he was enjoying the gain of his artifice, and where then had been their hope? By imprisonment, even with the certainty of death before their eyes, they have leisure for thought; opportunities for instruction; and, whatever they suffer from offended laws, they may yet reconcile themselves to God, who, if he is sincerely sought for, will most assuredly be found.

Convict's Address.

Credulity.

Of all kinds of credulity, the most obstinate and wonderful is that of political zealots; of men, who, being numbered they know not how, or why, in any of the parties that divide a state, resign the use of their own eyes and ears, and resolve to believe nothing that does not favour those whom they profess to follow. *Idler*, vol. 1.

Compilation.

Particles of science are often very widely scattered. Writers of extensive comprehension have incidental remarks upon topics very remote from the principal subject, which are often more valuable than formal treatises, and which yet are not known because they are not promised in

the title. He that collects those under proper heads is very laudably employed; for, though he exerts no great abilities in the work, he facilitates the progress of others, and, by making that easy of attainment which is already written, may give some mind more vigorous, or more adventurous than his own, leisure for new thoughts and original designs.

Western Islands.

Court.

It has been always observed of those that frequent a court, that they soon, by a kind of contagion, catch the regal spirit of neglecting futurity. The minister forms an expedient to suspend or perplex an inquiry into his measures for a few months, and applauds and triumphs in his own dexterity. The peer puts off his creditor for the present day, and forgets that he is ever to see him more.

Marmor Norfolciense.

Cunning.

Cunning differs from wisdom as twilight from open day. He that walks in the sunshine goes boldly forward by the nearest way; he sees that, when the path is straight and even, he may proceed in security, and when it is rough and crooked, he easily

complies with the turns, and avoids the obstructions. But the traveller in the dusk fears more as he sees less ; he knows there may be danger, and therefore suspects that he is never safe, tries every step before he fixes his foot, and shrinks at every noise, lest violence should approach him. Cunning discovers little at a time, and has no other means of certainty than multiplication of stratagems, and superfluity of suspicion. Yet men thus narrow by nature, and mean by art, are sometimes able to rise by the miscarriages of bravery and the openness of integrity ; and, by watching failures and snatching opportunities, obtain advantages which belong properly to higher characters.

Idler, vol. 2.

Courage.

Personal courage is the quality of highest esteem among a warlike and uncivilized people ; and with the ostentatious display of courage are closely connected promptitude of offence and quickness of resentment.

Western Islands.

We may as easily make wrong estimates of our own courage as our own humility, by mistaking a sudden effervescence of imagination for settled resolution.

4

Life of Sir T. Browne.

Companion.

There is no man more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please ; for neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they frequently see the best minds corrupted by them.

Notes upon Shakspeare, vol. 5.

There are times in which the wise and the knowing are willing to receive praise, without the labour of deserving it, in which the most elevated mind is willing to descend, and the most active to be at rest. All, therefore, are, at some hour or another, fond of companions whom they can entertain upon easy terms, and who will relieve them from solitude, without condemning them to vigilance and caution. We are most inclined to love when we have nothing to fear ; and he that encourages us to please ourselves will not be long without preference, in our affection, to those whose learning holds us at the distance of pupils, or whose wit calls all attention from us, and leaves us without importance, and without regard.

Rambler, vol. 2.

He that amuses himself among well-cho-

sen companions can scarcely fail to receive, from the most careless and obstreperous merriment which virtue can allow, some useful hints; nor can converse on the most familiar topics, without some casual information. The loose sparkles of thoughtless wit may give new light to the mind, and the gay contention for paradoxical positions rectify the opinions.

This is the time in which those friendships that give happiness or consolation, relief or security, are generally formed. A wise and good man is never so amiable, as in his unbended and familiar intervals. Heroic generosity, or philosophical discoveries, may compel veneration and respect; but love always implies some kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and cheerfulness which disencumbers all minds from awe and solicitude, invites the modest to freedom, and exalts the timorous to confidence

Rambler, vol. 2

Copies compared with Originals.

Copies are known from originals even when the painter copies his own picture; so, if an author should literally translate his, he would lose the manner of an original.

But, though copies are easily known, good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are by the best judges often mistaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The peculiar manner of each arises from the desire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his subsequent works by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called *habit*. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand: the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet some painters have differed as much from themselves as from any other; and it is said there is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last.

The same variation may be expected in writers, and if it be true, as it seems, that they are less subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

Notes upon Shakespeare, vol. 1.

Comparison.

Very little of the pain or pleasure which does not begin and end in ourselves, is otherwise than relative. We are rich or

poor, great or little, in proportion to the number that excel us, or fall beneath us, in any of these respects; and therefore a man whose uneasiness arises from reflection on any misfortune that throws him below those with whom he was once equal, is comforted by finding that he is not yet lowest. Again, when we look abroad, and behold the multitudes that are groaning under evils heavier than those which we have experienced, we shrink back to our own state, and, instead of repining that so much must be felt, learn to rejoice that we have not more to feel.

By this observation of the miseries of others, fortitude is strengthened, and the mind brought to a more extensive knowledge of her own powers. *Rambler*, vol. 1.

City.

There is such a difference between the pursuits of men in great cities, that one part of the inhabitants lives to little other purpose than to wonder at the rest. Some have hopes and fears, wishes and aversions, which never enter into the thoughts of others; and inquiry is laboriously exerted, to gain that which those who possess it are ready to throw away. *Idler*, vol. 2.

Controversy.

Through the mist of controversy, it can raise no wonder that the truth is not easily discovered. When a quarrel has been long carried on between individuals, it is often very hard to tell by whom it was begun. Every fact is darkened by distance, by interest, and by multitudes. Information is not easily procured from far; those whom the truth will not favour, will not step voluntarily forth to tell it; and, where there are many agents, it is easy for every single action to be concealed.

Observations on the State of Affairs, 1756.

Calumny.

As there are to be found in the service of envy men of every diversity of temper, and degree of understanding, calumny is diffused by all arts and methods of propagation. Nothing is too gross or too refined, too cruel or too trifling, to be practised; very little regard is had to the rules of honourable hostility, but every weapon is accounted lawful; and those who cannot make a thrust at life are content to keep themselves in play with petty malevolence, to *tease* with feeble blows and impotent disturbance.

Rambler, vol. 3.

Desire.

The desires of man increase with his acquisitions ; every step which he advances brings something within his view, which he did not see before, and which, as soon as he sees it, he begins to want. Where necessity ends, curiosity begins ; and no sooner are we supplied with every thing that nature can demand, than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.

Idler, vol. 1

Death.

It was, perhaps, ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyrannising over one another, that no individual should be of such importance, as to cause, by his retirement or death, any chasm in the world.

Rambler, vol. 1.

If all the blessings of our condition are enjoyed with a constant sense of the uncertainty of life ; if we remember that whatever we possess is to be in our hands but a very little time, and that the little which our most lively hopes can promise us may be made less by ten thousand accidents ; we shall not much repine at a loss, of which we cannot *estimate* the value, but of which,

though we are not able to tell the least amount, we know, with sufficient certainty, the greatest, and are convinced that the greatest is not much to be regretted.

Rambler, vol. 1.

What are our views of all worldly things (and the same appearances they would always have, if the same thoughts were always predominant) when a sharp or tedious sickness has set death before our eyes, and the last hour seems to be approaching? The extensive influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, the praises of admirers, and the attendance of supplicants, have all appeared vain and empty things. We then find the absurdity of stretching out our arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition, when the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on which it stands is mouldering away.

Ibid.

Dependence.

There is no state more contrary to the dignity of wisdom than perpetual and unlimited dependence, in which the understanding lies useless, and every motion is *received from external impulse*. Reason

is the great distinction of human nature, the faculty by which we approach to some degree of association with celestial intelligences; but as the excellence of every power appears only in its operations, not to have reason, and to have it useless and unemployed, is nearly the same.

Rambler, vol. 4

Diffidence.

Diffidence may check resolution and obstruct performance, but compensates its embarrassments by more important advantages: it conciliates the proud, and softens the severe; averts envy from excellence, and censure from miscarriage. *Ibid.* vol. 3.

Delicacy.

Many pains are incident to a man of delicacy, which the unfeeling world cannot be persuaded to pity; and which, when they are separated from their peculiar and personal circumstances, will never be considered as important enough to claim attention or deserve redress. *Ibid.* vol. 4.

Distrust.

It is impossible to see the long scrolls in which every contract is included, with all

their appendages of seals and attestation, without wondering at the depravity of those beings who must be restrained from violation of promise by such formal and public evidences, and precluded from equivocation and subterfuge by such punctilious minuteness. Among all the satires to which folly and wickedness have given occasion, none is equally severe with a bond or a settlement.

Rambler, vol. 3.

Delay.

The folly of allowing ourselves to delay what we know cannot be finally escaped, is one of the general weaknesses which, in spite of the instruction of moralists, and the remonstrances of reason, prevail to a greater or less degree in every mind: even they, who most steadily withstand it, find it, if not the most violent, the most pertinacious, of their passions, always renewing its attacks, and, though often vanquished, never destroyed.

Ibid.

Deception.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat

distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.

Notes upon Shakespeare, vol. 10.

Self-Deception.

There is an art of sophistry by which men have deluded their own consciences, by persuading themselves, that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them; as if the obligations which are laid upon us by a higher power can be overruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves.

Ibid. vol. 4.

Duty.

When we act according to our duty, we commit the event to him by whose laws our actions are governed, and who will suffer none to be finally punished for obedience. But when, in prospect of some good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules prescribed to us, we withdraw from the direction of superior wisdom, and take all consequences upon ourselves.

Prince of Abyssinia.

Duties.

Much of the prosperity of a trading nation depends upon duties properly apportioned; so that what is necessary may continue

cheap, and what is of use only to luxury, may in some measure atone to the public for the mischief done to individuals. Duties may often be so regulated as to become useful, even to those that pay them; and they may be likewise so unequally imposed, as to discourage honesty, depress industry, and give temptation to fraud and unlawful practices.

Preface to Dictionary of Commerce.

Envy.

It is not only to many more pleasing to recollect those faults which place others below them, than those virtues by which they are themselves comparatively depressed, but it is likewise more easy to neglect than to recompense; and, though there are few who will practise a laborious virtue, there never will be wanting multitudes that will indulge an easy vice.

Life of Savage.

* The great law of mutual benevolence is, perhaps, oftener violated by envy than by interest. Interest can diffuse itself but to a narrow compass. Interest requires some qualities not universally bestowed. Interest is seldom pursued but at some hazard; but to spread suspicion, to invent calumnies,

to propagate scandal, requires neither talents, nor labour, nor courage.

Rambler, vol. 4.

Example.

Every man, in whatever station, has, or endeavours to have, his followers, admirers, and imitators ; and has therefore the influence of his example to watch with care : he ought to avoid not only crimes, but the appearance of crimes, and not only to practise virtue, but to applaud, countenance, and support it ; for it is possible, for want of attention, we may teach others faults from which ourselves are free, or, by a cowardly desertion of a cause, which we ourselves approve, may pervert those who fix their eyes upon us, and, having no rule of their own to guide their course, are easily misled by the aberrations of that example which they choose for their directions.

Ibid. vol. 2.

Emulation.

Every man ought to endeavour at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself, and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity. The philosopher may very

justly be delighted with the extent of his views, and the artificer with the readiness of his hands but let the one remember, that, without mechanical performances, refined speculation is an empty dream; and the other, that, without theoretical reasoning, dexterity is little more than a brute instinct.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Whatever is done skilfully appears to be done with ease; and art, when it is once matured to habit, vanishes from observation. We are therefore more powerfully excited to emulation by those who have attained the highest degree of excellence,* and whom we can therefore with least reason hope to equal.

Ibid. vol. 3.

Education.

The knowledge of external nature, and of the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, is not the great, or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong. The next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples, which may be said to embody truth, and

prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and justice are virtues and excellences of all times and all places. We are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary ; our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure.

Life of Milton.

Physical knowledge is of such rare emergence, that one man may know another half his life without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy ; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears. Those authors, therefore, are to be read at school, that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation ; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians.

Ibid.

Many wonders are told of the art of education, and the very early ages at which boys are conversant in the Greek and Latin tongues, under some preceptors. But those who tell, or receive, those stories, should consider, that nobody can be taught faster than he can learn. The speed of the best horseman must be limited by the

power of his horse. Every man that has undertaken to instruct others can tell what slow advances he has been able to make, and how much patience it requires to recall vagrant inattention, to stimulate sluggish indifference, and to rectify absurd misapprehension.

Life of Milton.

Neither a capital city, nor a town of commerce, is adapted for the purposes of a college: the first exposes the students too much to levity and dissoluteness, the other to gross luxury. In one the desire of knowledge easily gives way to the love of pleasure, and in the other there is danger in yielding to the love of money.

Western Islands.

Employment.

Employment is the great instrument of intellectual dominion. The mind cannot retire from its enemy into total vacancy, or turn aside from one object, but by passing to another. The gloomy and the resentful are always found among those who have *nothing to do*, or who *do nothing*. We must be busy about good or evil, and he, to whom the *present* offers nothing, will *often be looking backward on the past*.

Idler, vol. 2.

Excellence.

There is a vigilance of observation, and accuracy of distinction, which books and precepts cannot confer; and from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds.

Preface to Shakspeare.

Equanimity.

Evil is uncertain in the same degree as good; and for the reason we ought not to hope too securely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The state of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the result of the next vicissitude. Whatever is afloat in the stream of time, may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blast, which shall happen to cross the general course of the current. The sudden accidents by which the powerful are depressed may fall upon those whose malice we fear; and the greatness by which we expect to be overborne may become another proof of the false flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow strong, before our encounter; or we may advance against each other without ever meeting. There are, indeed, natural evils, which we can

flatter ourselves with no hopes of escaping, and with little of delaying ; but of the ills which are apprehended from human malignity, or the opposition of rival interests, we may always alleviate the terror, by considering that our persecutors are weak, ignorant, and mortal, like ourselves.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Error.

It is incumbent on every man, who consults his own dignity, to retract his error as soon as he discovers it, without fearing any censure so much as that of his own mind. As justice requires that all injuries should be repaired, it is the duty of him who has seduced others by bad practices, or false notions, to endeavour that such as have adopted his errors should know his retraction, and that those who have learned vice by his example, should, by his example, be taught amendment.

Ibid

The men who can be charged with fewest failings, either with respect to abilities or virtue, are generally most ready to allow them. Cæsar wrote an account of the errors committed by him in his wars of Gaul ; and Hippocrates, whose name is,

perhaps, in rational estimation, greater than Cæsar's, warned posterity against a mistake into which he had fallen. "*So much (says Celsus) does the open and artless confession of an error become a man conscious that he has enough remaining to support his character !*"

Rambler, vol. 1.

Epitaph.

To define an epitaph is useless ; every one knows it is an inscription on a tomb ; an epitaph, therefore, implies no particular character of writing, but may be composed in verse or prose. It is, indeed, commonly panegyrical, because we are seldom distinguished with a stone but by our friends ; but it has no rule to restrain, or modify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leisure and patience to peruse.

Dissertation on the Epitaphs of Pope.

Expectation.

Expectation, when once her wings are expanded, easily reaches heights which performance never will attain ; and when she has mounted the summit of perfection, derides her follower, who dies in the pursuit :

Plan of an English Dictionary.

*Effects not always proportioned to
their Causes.*

It seems to be almost the universal error of historians, to suppose it politically, as it is physically, true, that every effect has a proportionate cause. In the inanimate action of matter upon matter, the motion produced can be but equal to the force of the moving power; but the operations of life, whether public or private, admit no such laws. The caprices of voluntary agents laugh at calculation. It is not always there is a strong reason for a great event; obstinacy and flexibility, malignity and kindness, give place alternately to each other; and the reason of those vicissitudes, however important may be the consequences, often escapes the mind in which the change is made.

Falkland Islands.

Elegance.

Elegance is surely to be desired, if it be not gained at the expense of dignity. A hero would wish to be loved, as well as to be revered.

Life of Pope.

Essay-Writing.

He that questions his abilities to arrange the dissimilar parts of an extensive plan, or

fears to be lost in a complicated system, may yet hope to adjust a few pages without perplexity ; and if, when he turns over the repositories of his memory, he finds his collection too small for a volume, he may yet have enough to furnish an essay.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Exercise.

Such is the constitution of man, that *labour* may be styled *its own reward* : nor will any external incitements be requisite, if it be considered how much happiness is gained, and how much misery escaped, by frequent and violent agitation of the body

Ibid. vol. 2.

Exercise cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed ; but, while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be disjoined by an easy separation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from heaven, and chronical from ourselves : the dart of death, indeed, falls from Heaven ; but we poison it by our own misconduct.

Ibid.

Fame.

The true satisfaction which is to be drawn from the consciousness that we shall share the attention of future times, must arise from the hope, that, with our names, our virtues shall be propagated, and that those, whom we cannot benefit in our lives, may receive instruction from our example, and incitement from our renown.

Reminiscences, vol. 1.

Friendship.

So many qualities are necessary to the possibility of friendship, and so many accidents must concur to its rise and its continuance, that the greatest part of mankind content themselves without it, and supply its place as they can with interest and dependence.

Ibid. vol. 2.

Many have talked in very exalted language of the perpetuity of friendship; of invincible constancy and unalienable kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affections have predominated over changes of fortune and contrariety of opinion. But these instances

are memorable ,because they are rare. The friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

Idler, vol. 1.

When Mr. Addison was made secretary to the marquis of Wharton, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, he made a law to himself, never to remit his regular fees in civility to his friends. "For," said he, "I may have a hundred friends; and, if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two; there is, therefore, no proportion between the good imparted and the evil suffered."

Life of Addison.

There are few who, in the wantonness of thoughtless mirth, or heat of transient resentment, do not sometimes speak of their friends and benefactors with levity and contempt, though, in their cooler moments, they want neither sense of their kindness nor reverence for their virtues. This weakness is very common, and often proceeds rather from negligence than ingratitude.

Life of Savage

Flattery.

In every instance of vanity it will be found that the blame ought to be shared among more than it generally reaches. All who exalt trifles by immoderate praise, or instigate needless emulation by invidious incitements, are to be considered as perverters of reason, and corrupters of the world; and since every man is obliged to promote happiness and virtue, he should be careful not to mislead unwary minds, by appearing to set too high a value upon things, by which no real excellence is conferred.

Rambler, vol. 4.

In order that all men may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependant by interest, and the friend by tenderness. Those who are neither servile nor timorous are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness, will dispose to pay them.

Id.

Folly.

No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not sometimes tyrannise, and force him to hope or fear beyond the limits of sober probability. *Prince of Abyssinia.*

Fortune.

Fortune often delights to dignify what nature has neglected, and that renown, which cannot be claimed by intrinsic excellence or greatness, is sometimes derived from unexpected accidents.

Falkland Islands.

Examples need not be sought at any great distance, to prove that superiority of fortune has a natural tendency to kindle pride, and that pride seldom fails to exert itself in contempt and insult. This is often the effect of hereditary wealth, and of honours only enjoyed by the merit of others.

Life of Savage.

Fear.

Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil; but its duty, like that of other passions, is not to overbear reason, but to assist it; nor should it be suffered to tyrannise in the imagination, to raise phantoms

of horror, or beset life with supernumerary distresses.

Rambler, vol. 3

Forgiveness.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed, or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence. We cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident. We may think the blow violent, only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are, on every side, in danger of error and guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness..

Ibid. vol. 4.

Frugality.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption. It will almost always produce

a passive compliance with the wickedness of others, and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Though, in every age, there are some who, by bold adventures or by favourable accidents, rise suddenly into riches, the bulk of mankind must owe their affluence to small and gradual profits, below which their expense must be resolutely reduced.

Ibid.

- The mercantile wisdom of "a penny saved is two pence got," may be accommodated to all conditions, by observing, that not only they who pursue any lucrative employment will save time when they forbear expense, and that time may be employed to the increase of profit, but that they, who are above such minute considerations, will find, by every victory over appetite or passion, new strength added to the mind, will gain the power of refusing those solicitations by which the young and vivacious are hourly assaulted, and, in time, set themselves above the reach of extravagance and folly.

Ibid

It appears evident that frugality is n

cessary even to complete the pleasure of expense ; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that, in their most jovial expense, there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience : they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it, or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavour at once to *spend idly*, and to *save meanly* : having neither firmness to deny their passions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflections on the cost.

Rambler, vol. 3.

Fashion.

There are few enterprises so hopeless as contests with the fashion, in which the opponents are not only made confident by their numbers, and strong by their union, but are hardened by contempt of their antagonist, whom they always look upon as a wretch of low notions, contracted views, mean conversation, and narrow fortune ; who envies the elevations which he cannot reach ; who would gladly imbitter the happiness which his inelegance or indi-

gence denies him to partake, and who has no other end in his advice than to revenge his own mortification, by hindering those whom their birth and taste have set above him, from the enjoyment of their superiority, and bringing them down to a level with himself.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Genius.

Genius is powerful when invested with the glitter of affluence. Men willingly pay to fortune that regard which they owe to merit, and are pleased when they have an opportunity at once of gratifying their vanity, and practising their duty.

Life of Savage.

Men have sometimes appeared of such transcendent abilities, that their slightest and most cursory performances excel all that labour and study can enable meaner intellects to compose: as there are regions of which the spontaneous products cannot be equalled, in other soils, by care and culture. But it is no less dangerous for any man to place himself in this rank of understanding, and fancy that he is born to be illustrious without labour, than to

omit the care of husbandry, and expect from his ground the blossoms of Arabia.

Rambler, vol. 4.

Great powers cannot be exerted but when great exigencies make them necessary. Great exigencies can happen but seldom, and therefore those qualities, which have a claim to the veneration of mankind, lie hid, for the most part, like subterranean treasures, over which the foot passes as on common ground, till necessity breaks open the golden cavern.

Idler, vol. 1.

Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life, that appear very little favourable to thought or to inquiry; so many, that he who considers them is inclined to think that he sees enterprise and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hinderance vanish before them.

Preface to Shakespeare.

Government.

Governments formed by chance, and gradually improved by such expedients as the successive discovery of their defects

happened to suggest, are never to be tried by a regular theory. They are fabrics of dissimilar materials, raised by different architects upon different plans. We must be content with them as they are : should we attempt to mend their disproportions, we might easily demolish, and with difficulty rebuild them.

False Alarm.

The general history of mankind will evince, that lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed. Gross corruption, or evident imbecility, is necessary to the suppression of that reverence, with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, or those whom they see surrounded by splendour, and fortified by power.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Guilt.

Guilt is generally afraid of light ; it considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidant of those actions, which cannot be trusted to the tell-tale day.

Notes upon Shakspeare, vol. 6.

It may be observed, perhaps, without exception, that none are so industrious to detect wickedness, or so ready to impute it, as they whose crimes are apparent and

confessed. They envy an unblemished reputation, and what they envy they are busy to destroy: they are unwilling to suppose themselves meaner and more corrupt than others, and therefore willingly pull down from their elevations those with whom they cannot rise to an equality.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Self-Government.

No man, whose appetites are his masters, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity. He that would be superior to external influences must first become superior to his own passions.

Idler, vol. 1.

Greatness.

That awe which great actions or abilities impress, will be inevitably diminished by acquaintance, though nothing either mean or criminal should be found; because we do not easily consider him as great whom our own eyes show us to be little; nor labour to keep present to our thoughts the latent excellences of him who shares with us all our weaknesses and many of our follies; who, like us, is delighted with *slight* amusements, busied with trifling

employments, and disturbed by little vexations.

Idler, vol. 1.

Gratitude.

There are minds so impatient of inferiority, that their gratitude is a species of revenge; and they return benefits, not because recompense is a pleasure, but because obligation is a pain.

Ram'ler, vol. 2.

The charge against ingratitude is very general. Almost every man can tell what favours he has conferred upon insensibility, and how much happiness he has bestowed without return; but, perhaps, if these patrons and protectors were confronted with any whom they boast of having befriended, 't would often appear that they consulted only their own pleasure or vanity, and repaid themselves their petty donatives by gratifications of insolence, and indulgence of contempt.

Ibid. vol. 3.

Happiness.

Whether perfect happiness can be procured by perfect goodness, this world will never afford an opportunity of deciding. But this, at least, may be maintained, that we do not always find visible happiness in proportion to visible virtue.

JOHNSON.

All natural, and almost all political evils, are incident alike to the bad or good. They are confounded in the misery of a famine, and not much distinguished in the fury of a faction. They sink together in a tempest, and are driven together from their country by invaders. All that virtue can afford is quietness of conscience, a steady prospect of a happier state, which will enable us to endure every calamity with patience.

Prince of Abyssinia.

Whatever be the cause of happiness may be made likewise the cause of misery. The medicine which, rightly applied, has power to cure; has, when rashness or ignorance prescribes it, the same power to destroy.

Dissertation on Authors.

It has been observed in all ages, that the advantages of nature or of fortune have contributed very little to the promotion of happiness; and that those whom the splendour of their rank, or the extent of their capacity, has placed upon the summits of human life, have not often given any just occasion to envy in those who look up to them from a lower station: whether it be, that apparent superiority incites great designs, and great designs are naturally liable to fatal

miscarriages, or that the general lot of mankind is misery, and the misfortunes of those whose eminence drew upon them an universal attention, have been more faithfully recorded, because they were more generally observed, and have, in reality, been only more conspicuous than those of others more frequent or more severe.

Life of Savage.

Domestic Happiness.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate—those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useful encumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional.

and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour, and fictitious benevolence.

Rambler, vol. 2.

The highest panegyric that domestic virtue can receive is the praise of servants; for however vanity or insolence may look down with contempt on the suffrage of men undignified by wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very seldom happens that they commend or blame without justice.

Ibid.

Hope.

The understanding of a man, naturally sanguine, may be easily vitiated by the luxurious indulgence of hope, however necessary to the production of every thing great or excellent, as some plants are destroyed by too open an exposure to that sun, which gives life and beauty to the vegetable world.

Ibid. vol. 1.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing;

or that life, when the gifts of nature and fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent Yet hope is very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a great bounty.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Health.

Health is so necessary to all the duties of life, as well as the pleasures of life, that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly; and he that, for a short gratification, brings weakness and diseases upon himself, and, for the pleasure of a few years passed in the tumults of diversion and clamours of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be justly reproached, not only as a spendthrift of his own happiness, but as a robber of the public; as a wretch that has voluntarily disqualified himself for the business of his station, and refused that part which Provi-

dence assigns him in the general task of human nature.

Rambler, vol. 1.

History.

Those familiar histories, which draw the portraits of living manners, may perhaps be made of greater use than the solemnities of professed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions. But if the power of example is so great as to take possession of the memory by a kind of violence, and produce effects almost without the intervention of the will, care ought to be taken, that, when the choice is unrestrained, the best examples only should be exhibited, and that which is likely to operate so strongly should not be mischievous or uncertain in its effects.

Ibid

Good Humour.

Surely nothing can be more unreasonable than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of the power, or show more cruelty than to choose any kind of influence before that of kindness and good humour. He that regards the welfare of others should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that considers the wants which every

man feels, or will feel, of external assistance, must rather wish to be surrounded by those that love him, than by those that admire his excellences or solicit his favours; for admiration ceases with novelty, and interest gains its end and retires. A man whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Hypocrisy.

The hypocrite shows the excellency of virtue by the necessity he thinks himself under of *seeming to be virtuous*.

Ibid. vol. 1.

Honour.

Among the Symérons, or fugitive negroes in the South Seas, being a nation that does not set them above continual cares for the immediate necessities of life, he that can temper iron best is among them most esteemed: and, perhaps, it would be happy for every nation, if honours and applauses were as justly distributed, and he were most distinguished whose abilities were most useful to society. How many chimerical titles to precedence, how many

false pretences to respect, would this rule
bring to the ground !

Life of Drake.

Jealousy.

That natural jealousy which makes every man unwilling to allow much excellence in another, always produces a disposition to believe that the mind grows old with the body, and that he, whom we are now forced to confess superior, is hastening daily to a level with ourselves. Intellectual decay, doubtless, is not uncommon, but it is not universal. Newton was in his eighty-fifth year improving his chronology, and Waller at eighty-two is thought to have lost none of his poetical powers.

Life of Waller.

Judgment.

Nothing is more unjust than to judge of a man by too short an acquaintance, and too slight inspection ; for it often happens that in the loose, and thoughtless, and dissipated, there is a secret radical worth, which may shoot out by proper cultivation ; that the spark of heaven, though dimmed and obstructed, is yet not extinguished, but may, by the breath of counsel and exhortation, be kindled into a flame. To impute to every one who is not completely

good is irrevocably abandoned, is to suppose that all are capable of the same degree of excellence ; it is, indeed, to exact from all, that perfection which none ever can attain. And since the purest virtue is consistent with some vice, and the virtue of the greatest number with almost an equal proportion of contrary qualities, let none too hastily conclude that all goodness is lost, though it may for a time be clouded and overwhelmed ; for most minds are the slaves of external circumstances, and conform to any hand that undertakes to mould them, roll down any torrent of custom in which they happen to be caught, or bend to any importunity that bears hard against them.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Justice.

One of the principal parts of national felicity arises from a wise and impartial administration of justice. Every man reposes upon the tribunals of his country the stability of possession, and the serenity of life. He, therefore, who unjustly exposes the courts of judicature to suspicion, either of partiality or error, not only does an injury to those who dispense the laws, but diminishes the public confidence in the laws

themselves, and shakes the foundation of public tranquillity. *Convict's Address.*

Industry.

Whatever busies the mind without corrupting it, has, at least, this use, that it rescues the day from idleness ; and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.

Rambler, vol. 4.

It is below the dignity of a reasonable being to owe that strength to necessity which ought always to act at the call of choice, or to need any other motive to industry than the desire of performing his duty.

Ibid. vol. 3.

Imitation.

It is justly considered as the greatest excellency of art to imitate nature ; but it requires judgment to distinguish those parts of nature which are most proper for imitation.

Ibid. vol. 1.

As not every instance of similitude can be considered as a proof of imitation, so not every imitation ought to be stigmatized as a plagiarism : the adoption of a noble sentiment, or the insertion of a borrowed or-

nament, may sometimes display so much judgment, as will almost compensate for want of invention ; and an inferior genius may, without any imputation of servility, pursue the path of the ancients, provided he declines to tread in their footsteps.

Rambler, vol. 3

Indolence.

He that is himself weary will soon weary the public. Let him, therefore, lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity or attention. Let him not endeavour to struggle with censure, or obstinately infest the stage, till a general hiss commands him to depart.

Ibid. vol. 4.

Idleness.

As pride is sometimes hid under humility, idleness is often covered by turbulence and hurry. He that neglects his known duty, and real employment, naturally endeavours to crowd his mind with something that may bar out the remembrance of his own folly, and does any thing, but what he ought to do, with eager diligence, that he may keep himself in his own favour.

Idler vol 1

It is not only in the slumber of sloth, but in the dissipation of ill-directed industry, that the shortness of life is generally forgotten. As some men lose their hours in laziness, because they suppose that there is time for the reparation of neglect, others busy themselves in providing that no length of life may want employment; and it often happens, that sluggishness and activity are equally surprised by the last summons, and perish not more differently from each other, than the fowl that received the shot in her flight, from her that is killed upon the bush.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Ignorance.

Gross ignorance every man has found equally dangerous with perverted knowledge. Men left wholly to their appetites and their instincts, with little sense of moral or religious obligation, and with very faint distinctions of right and wrong, can never be safely employed, or confidently trusted. They can be honest only by obstinacy, and diligent only by compulsion or caprice. Some instruction, therefore, is necessary; and much, perhaps, may be dangerous.

Review of the Origin of Evil.

Imprudence.

Those who, in consequence of superior capacities and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence ; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

Life of Savage.

Imprisonment.

It is not so dreadful in a high spirit to be imprisoned, as it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of the gazers.

Notes upon Shakspeare, vol. 6.

Imposition.

There are those, who, having got the cant of the day, with a superficial readiness of slight and cursory conversation, very often impose themselves, as men of understanding, upon wise men.

Ibid. vol. 10.

Imagination.

It is a disposition to feel the force of words, and to combine the ideas annexed to them with quickness, that shows one man's imagination to be better than another's.

er's, and distinguishes a fine taste from dulness and stupidity.

Review of the Sublime and Beautiful.

Self-Importance.

Every man is of importance to himself, and therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and, supposing the world already acquainted with all his pleasures and his pains, is, perhaps, the first to publish injuries or misfortunes, which had never been known unless related by himself, and at which those that hear him will only laugh; for no man sympathizes with the sorrows of vanity.

Life of Pope.

The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and, in a short time, will cease to miss him.

Ibid.

Insult.

There are innumerable modes of insult, and tokens of contempt, for which it is not easy to find a name, which vanish to nothing in an attempt to describe them, and yet may, by continual repetition, make day pass after day in sorrow and in terror.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Inclination.

It may reasonably be asserted, that he who finds himself strongly attracted to any particular study, though it may happen to be out of his proposed scheme, if it is not trifling or vicious, had better continue his application to it, since it is likely that he will, with much more ease and expedition, attain that which a warm inclination stimulates him to pursue, than that at which a prescribed law compels him to toil.

Idler, vol. 2.

Knowledge.

No degree of knowledge, attainable by man, is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments and tender officiousness; and therefore no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed as others are capable to receive, and such pleasures only imparted as others are qualified to enjoy. By this descent from the pinnacles of art, no honour will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always

overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius, employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, "like the sun in its evening declination; he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude; and pleases more, though he dazzles less."

Rambler, vol. 5.

Kings.

Kings, without sometimes passing their time without pomp, and without acquaintance with the various forms of life, and with the genuine passions, interests, desires, and distresses, of mankind, see the world in a mist, and bound their views to a narrow compass. It was, perhaps, to the private condition in which Cromwell first entered the world, that he owed the superiority of understanding he had over most of our kings. In that state, he learned the art of secret transaction, and the knowledge by which he was able to oppose zeal to zeal, and make one enthusiast destroy another.

Memoirs of the King of Prussia.

Life.

An even and unvaried tenor of life always hides from our apprehension the approach of its end. Succession is not perceived but by variation. He that lives to-

day as he lived yesterday, and expects that as the present day, such will be to-morrow, easily conceives time as running in a circle, and returning to itself. The uncertainty of our situation is impressed commonly by dissimilitude of condition, and it is only by finding life changeable, that we are reminded of its shortness.

Idler, vol. 2,

A minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatsoever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill; all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine.

Notes upon Shakespeare, vol. 2.

Such is the state of every age, every sex, and every condition in life, that all have their cares either from nature or from folly; whoever, therefore, that finds himself inclined to envy another, should remember that he knows not the real condition which he desires to obtain, but is

certain that, by indulging a vicious passion, he must lessen that happiness which he thinks already too sparingly bestowed.

Rambler, vol. 3.

No man, past the middle point of life, can sit down to feast upon the pleasures of youth, without finding the banquet imbittered by the cup of sorrow.

A few years make such havoc in human generations, that we soon see ourselves deprived of those with whom we entered the world, and whom the participation of pleasures or fatigues had endeared to our remembrance. The man of enterprise recounts his adventures and expedients, but is forced, at the close of the relation, to pay a sigh to the names of those that contributed to his success. He that passes his life among the gayer part of mankind has his remembrance stored with remarks and repartees of wits, whose sprightliness and merriment are now lost in perpetual silence. The trader, whose industry has supplied the want of inheritance, repines in solitary plenty at the absence of companions, with whom he had planned out amusements for his latter years; and the scholar, whose merit, after a long series of efforts, raises him from obscurity, lach

round in vain from his exaltation for his old friends or enemies, whose applause or mortification would heighten his triumph.

Rambler, vol. 4.

Learning.

False hopes and false terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man, who proposes to grow eminent by learning, should carry in his mind at once the difficulty of excellence, and the force of industry; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompense of labour; and that labour, vigorously continued, has not often failed of its reward.

Ibid. vol. 1.

In respect to the loss and gain of literature, if letters were considered only as a means of pleasure, it might well be doubted in what degree of estimation they should be held; but when they are referred to necessity, the controversy is at an end. It soon appears, that though they may sometimes incommode us, yet human life would scarcely rise, without them, above the common existence of animal nature. We might, indeed, breathe and eat in universal ignorance, but must want all that gives pleasure or security, all the embellishmen

and delights, and most of the conveniences and comforts of our present condition.

Dissertation on Authors.

Love.

In love it has been held a maxim, that success is most easily obtained by indirect, and unperceived approaches ; he who too soon professes himself a lover raises obstacles to his own wishes ; and those whom disappointments have taught experience, endeavour to conceal their passion, till they believe their mistress wishes for the discovery.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Love, being always subject to the operations of time, suffers change and diminution.

Notes upon Shakspeare, vol. 10.

Self-Love.

Partiality to ourselves is seen in a variety of instances. The liberty of the press is a blessing when we are inclined to write against others, and a calamity when we find ourselves overborne by the multitude of our assailants ; as the power of the crown is always thought too great by those who suffer through its influence, and too little by those in whose favour it is exert-

ed. A standing army is generally accounted necessary by those who command, and dangerous and oppressive by those who support it.

Life of Savage.

Language.

Commerce, however necessary, however lucrative, as it depraves the manners, corrupts the language. They that have frequent intercourse with strangers, to whom they endeavour to accommodate themselves, must in time learn a mingled dialect, like the jargon which serves the traffickers on the Mediterranean and Indian coasts. This will not always be confined to the exchange, the warehouse, or the port, but will be communicated, by degrees, to other ranks of the people, and be at last incorporated with the current speech.

Preface to Dictionary.

Language is the dress of thought; and as the noblest mien, or most graceful action, would be degraded and obscured by a garb appropriated to the gross employments of rustics or mechanics, so the most heroic sentiments will lose their efficacy, and the most splendid ideas drop their magnificence, if they are conveyed by words used commonly upon low and trivial occasions, de-

based by vulgar mouths, and contaminated by inelegant applications. *Life of Cowley.*

English Language.

The affluence and comprehension of our language is very illustriously displayed in our poetical translations of ancient writers; a work which the French seem to relinquish in despair, and which we were long unable to perform with dexterity.

Life of Dryden.

From the time of Gower and Chaucer, the English writers have studied elegance, and advanced their language, by successive improvements, to as much harmony as it can easily receive, and as much copiousness as human knowledge has hitherto required, till every man now endeavours to excel others in accuracy, or outshine them in splendour of style; and the danger is, lest *care* should too soon pass to *affectation*.

Idler, vol. 2.

Laws.

It is, perhaps, impossible to review the laws of any country, without discovering many defects, and many superfluities. Laws often continue when their reasons have ceased. Laws made for the first state

of the society continue unabridged when the general form of life is changed. Parts of the judicial procedure, which were at first only accidental, become, in time, essential; and formalities are accumulated on each other, till the art of litigation requires more study than the discovery of right.

Memoirs of the King of Prussia.

To embarrass justice by multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by confidence in judges, seems to be the opposite rocks on which all civil institutions have been wrecked, and between which legislative wisdom has never yet found an open passage. *Ibid.*

A man accustomed to satisfy himself with the obvious and natural meaning of a sentence, does not easily shake off his habit; but a true bred lawyer never contents himself with one sense, when there is another to be found. *Marmor Norfolciense.*

Penal Laws.

Death is, as one of the ancients observes, "of dreadful things the most dreadful." An evil beyond which nothing can be threatened by sublunary power, or feared from human enmity or vengeance. This terror, therefore, should be reserved as the last re-

sort of authority, as the strongest and most operative of prohibitory sanctions, and placed before the treasure of life to guard from invasion what cannot be restored. To equal robbery with murder, is to reduce murder to robbery, to confound in common minds the gradations of iniquity, and incite the commission of a greater crime, to prevent the detection of a less. If only murder was punished with death, very few robbers would stain their hands in blood ; but when, by the last act of cruelty, no new danger is incurred, and greater security may be obtained, upon what principle shall we forbid them forbear ?

Rambler, vol. 3.

Letter-Writing.

Letters on public business should be written with a mind more intent on *things* than *words*, and above the affectation of unseasonable elegance. The business of a statesman can be little forwarded by flowers of rhetoric.

Life of Cowley.

Marriage

When we see the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables and their beds, without any inquiry but after farms and money ; or the giddy and thoughtless

uniting themselves for life to those whom they have only seen by the light of tapers; when parents make articles for children without inquiring after their consent; when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers; and others throw themselves into the arms of those whom they do not love, because they have found themselves rejected where they were more solicitous to please; when some marry because their servants cheat them; some because they squander their own money; some because their houses are pestered with company; some because they will live like other people; and some because they are sick of themselves; we are not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears so little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude, that society has something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, when we find its pleasures so great, that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly over-balance them. Those, therefore, of the above description, that should rail against matrimony, should be informed, that they are neither to wonder, nor repine, that a contract begun on such principles has ended in disappointment.

Marriage should be considered as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship; a state from which artifice and concealment are to be banished for ever; and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith.

Rambler, vol. 4.

Early Marriages.

From early marriages proceed the rivalry of parents and children. The son is eager to enjoy the world before the father is willing to forsake it; and there is hardly room at once for two generations. The daughter begins to bloom before the mother can be content to fade; and neither can forbear to wish for the absence of the other.

Prince of Abyssinia.

Man.

Man's study of himself, and the knowledge of his own station in the ranks of being, and his various relations to the innumerable multitudes which surround him, and with which his Maker has ordained him to be united, for the reception and communication of happiness, should begin with the first glimpse of reason, and only end with life itself. Other acquisitions are merely temporary benefits, except as they contribute to illustrate the knowledge, and

confirm the practice, of morality and piety, which extend their influence beyond the grave, and increase our happiness through endless duration. *Preface to the Preceptor.*

There are some men who, in a great measure, supply the place of reading by gleaning from accidental intelligence, and various conversation; by a quick apprehension, a judicious selection, and a happy memory; by a keen appetite for knowledge, and a powerful digestion; by a vigilance that permits nothing to pass without notice, and a habit of reflection that suffers nothing useful to be lost. *Life of Dryden.*

Every man is obliged, by the Supreme Master of the universe, to improve all the opportunities of good which are afforded him, and to keep in continual activity such abilities as are bestowed upon him. But he has no reason to repine, though his abilities are small, and his opportunities few. He that has improved the virtue or advanced the happiness of one fellow-creature, he that has ascertained a single moral proposition, or added one useful experiment to natural knowledge, may be contented with his own performance; and with respect to mortals like himself, may

demand, like Augustus, to be dismissed, at his departure, with applause. *Idler*, vol. 2.

Memory.

Memory is like all other human powers, with which no man can be satisfied who measures them by what he can conceive or by what he can desire. He, therefore, that, after the perusal of a book, finds few ideas remaining in his mind, is not to consider the disappointment as peculiar to himself, or to resign all hopes of improvement, because he does not retain what even the author has, perhaps, forgotten.

Ibid. vol. 2.

The two offices of memory are *collection* and *distribution*. By one, images are accumulated, and by the other, produced for use. Collection is always the employment of our first years, and distribution commonly that of our advanced age.

Ibid. vol. 1.

Mind.

There seem to be some minds suited to great and others to little employments; some formed to soar aloft, and others to grovel on the ground, and confine their regard to a narrow sphere. Of these, the one is always in danger of becoming use-

less by a daring negligence ; the other, by a scrupulous solicitude. The one collects many ideas, but confused and indistinct ; the other is busied in minute accuracy, but without compass and without dignity.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Such is the delight of mental superiority, that none, on whom nature or study has conferred it, would purchase the gifts of fortune by its loss.

Ibid. vol. 3.

To find the nearest way from truth to truth, or from purpose to effect ; not to use more instruments where fewer will be sufficient ; not to move by wheels and levers what will give way to the naked hand, is the great proof of a healthful and vigorous mind, neither feeble with helpless ignorance, nor overburdened with unwieldy knowledge.

Idler, vol. 1.

Progress of the Mind.

If we consider the exercises of the human mind, it will be found, that in each part of life some particular faculty is more eminently employed. When the treasures of knowledge are first opened before us while novelty blooms alike on either hand and every thing, equally unknown and un

examined, seems of equal value, the power of the soul is principally exerted in a vivacious and desultory curiosity. She applies, by turns, to every object, enjoys it for a short time, and flies with equal ardour to another. She delights to catch up loose and unconnected ideas, but starts away from systems and complications which would obstruct the rapidity of her transitions, and detain her long in the same pursuit.

When a number of distinct images are collected by these erratic and hasty surveys, the fancy is busied in arranging them, and combines them into pleasing pictures with more resemblance to the realities of life, as experience advances, and new observations rectify the former. While the judgment is yet uninformed, and unable to compare the draughts of fiction with their originals, we are delighted with improbable adventures, impracticable virtues, and inimitable characters; but, in proportion as we have more opportunities of acquainting ourselves with living nature, we are sooner disgusted with copies in which there appears no resemblance. We first discard absurdity and impossibility, then exact greater and greater degrees of probability, but at last become cold and insensible to

the charms of falsehood, however specious; and, from the imitations of truth, which are never perfect, transfer our affection to truth itself.

Now commences the ruin of judgment or reason. We begin to find little pleasure but in comparing arguments, stating propositions, disentangling perplexities, clearing ambiguities, and deducing consequences. The painted vales of imagination are deserted, and our intellectual activity is exercised in winding through the labyrinths of fallacy, and toiling with firm and cautious steps up the narrow tracks of demonstration. Whatever may lull vigilance, or mislead attention, is contemptuously rejected, and every disguise, in which error may be concealed, is carefully observed, till, by degrees, a certain number of incontestable or unsuspected propositions are established, and at last concatenated into arguments, or compacted into systems.

At length, weariness succeeds to labour, and the mind lies at ease in the contemplation of her own attainments, without any desire of new conquests or excursions. This is the age of recollection and narrative. The opinions are settled; and the avenues of apprehension shut against any new intelligence; the days that are to

follow must pass in the inculcation of precepts already collected, and assertions of tenets already received; nothing is henceforward so odious as opposition, so insolent as doubt, or so dangerous as novelty.

Rambler, vol. 3.

Misery.

If misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be revered; if of ill fortune, it ought to be pitied; and, if of vice, not to be insulted; because it is, perhaps, itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced; and the humanity of that man can deserve no panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

Life of Savage.

Money.

To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the sign, or ticket, of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise immediately from riches themselves; and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life.

Notes upon Shakspeare, vol. 6.

Motives.

Nothing is more vain than at a distant time to examine the motives of discrimination and partiality; for the inquirer, having considered interest and policy, is obliged, at last, to omit more frequent and more active motives of human conduct; such as caprice, accident, and private affections.

Life of Roger Ascham.

Method.

As the end of method is perspicuity, that series is sufficiently regular that avoids obscurity; and where there is no obscurity, it will not be difficult to discover method.

Life of Pope.

Moderation.

It was one of the maxims of the Spartans not to press upon a flying army; and therefore their enemies were always ready to quit the field, because they knew the danger was only in opposing.

Letter to Douglas.

Negligence.

No man can safely do that by others, which might be done by himself. He that indulges negligence will quickly become

ignorant of his own affairs; and he that trusts without reserve will at last be deceived.

Rambler, vol. 4.

Nations.

Such is the diligence with which, in nations completely civilized, one part of mankind labours for another, that wants are supplied faster than they can be formed; and the idle and luxurious find life stagnant, for want of some desire to keep it in motion. This species of distress furnishes a new set of occupations; and multitudes are busied, from day to day, in finding their rich and the fortunate something to do.

Idler, vol. 1.

Opinion.

The opinion prevalent in one age, a truth above the reach of controversy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rise again to reception in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progress. Thus, sometimes, truth and error, and sometimes contrarieties of error take each other's place by reciprocal invasion.

Preface to Shakespeare.

Opportunity.

To improve the golden moment of oppor-

tunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life. Many wants are suffered which might have once been supplied, and much time is lost in regretting the time which had been lost before.

The Patriot.

He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and regret, in the last hour, his useless intentions and barren zeal.

Idler, vol. 1

Obligation.

To be obliged is to be in some respect inferior to another, and few willingly indulge the memory of an action which raises one whom they have always been accustomed to think below them, but satisfy themselves with faint praise and penurious payment, and then drive it from their own minds, and endeavour to conceal it from the knowledge of others. *Rambler*, vol. 4

Parents.

In general, those parents have most reverence, who most deserve it; for he that lives well cannot be despised.

Prince of Abyssinia.

Patriot.

A patriot is he, whose public conduct is regulated by one single motive, viz. the love of his country ; who, as an agent, in parliament, has for himself neither hope nor fear ; neither kindness nor resentment ; but refers every thing to the common interest.

The Patriot.

Passion.

The adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dies, bright and pleasing for a while, yet soon fading to a dim tint, without any remains of former lustre. But the discrimination of true passion are the colours of nature ; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them.

Preface to Shakspeare.

Progress of the Passions.

The passions usurp the separate command of the successive periods of life. To the happiness of our first years, nothing more seems necessary than freedom from restraint. Every man may remember, that if he was left to himself, and indulged in the disposal of his own time, he was once

content without the superaddition of any actual pleasure.

The new world is in itself a banquet, and till we have exhausted the freshness of life, we have always about us sufficient gratification. The sunshine quickens us to play, and the shade invites us to sleep.

But we soon become unsatisfied with negative felicity, and are solicited by our senses and appetites to more powerful delights, as the taste of him who has satisfied his hunger must be excited by artificial stimulations. The simplicity of natural amusements is now passed, and art and contrivance must improve our pleasures; but, in time, art, like nature, is exhausted, and the senses can no longer supply the cravings of the intellect.

The attention is then transferred from pleasure to interest, in which pleasure is perhaps included, though diffused to a wider extent, and protracted through new gradations. Nothing now dances before the eyes but wealth and power, nor rings in the ear but the voice of fame: wealth, to which, however variously denominated, every man at some time or other aspires; power, which all wish to obtain within their circle of action; and fame, which no man, however high or mean, however wise

or ignorant, was yet able to despise. New prudence and foresight exert their influence. No hour is devoted wholly to any present enjoyment, no act or purpose terminates in itself, but every motion is referred to some distant end; the accomplishment of one design begins another, and the ultimate wish is always pushed off to its former distance.

At length fame is observed to be uncertain, and power to be dangerous. The man whose vigour and alacrity begin to forsake him, by degrees contracts his designs, remits his former multiplicity of pursuits, and extends no longer his regard to any other honour than the reputation of wealth, or any other influence than his power. Avarice is generally the last passion of those lives, of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure, and the second in ambition. He that sinks under the fatigue of getting wealth lulls his age with the milder business of saving it.

Rambler, vol. 3.

Pleasure.

Whatever professes to benefit by pleasing must please at once. What is perceived by slow degrees may gratify us with the consciousness of improvement, but

will never strike us with the sense of pleasure.

Life of Cowley.

Pleasures of local Emotion.

To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured; and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and far from my friends, be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Western Islands.

Poets and Poetry

It does not always happen that the success of a poet is proportionate to his labour. The same observation may be extended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by causes wholly out of the performer's power, by the hints of which he

perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least.

Dissertation on the Epitaphs of Pops.

Every other power by which the understanding is enlightened, or the imagination enchanted, may be exercised in prose. But the poet has this peculiar superiority, that to all the powers which the perfection of every other composition can require, he adds the faculty of joining music with reason, and of acting at once upon the senses and the passions.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Easy poetry is that in which natural thoughts are expressed, without violence to the language. Any epithet which can be ejected without diminution of the sense, any curious iteration of the same word, and all unusual, though not ungrammatical, structure of speech, destroy the grace of easy poetry.

Idler, vol. 2.

It is the prerogative of easy poetry to be understood as long as the language lasts; but modes of speech, which owe their prevalence only to modish folly, or to the emi-

nence of those that use them, die away with their inventors ; and their meaning, in a few years, is no longer known.

Idler, vol. 2.

Poverty.

Poverty has, in large cities, very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendour, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for to-morrow.

Prince of Abyssinia.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthful without physic, and secure without a guard—to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of artists, and the attendance of flatterers and spies.

Rambler, vol. 4.

There are natural reasons why poverty does not easily conciliate. He that has been confined from his infancy to the conversation of the lowest classes of mankind, must necessarily want those accomplishments which are the usual means of attracting favour ; and though truth, forti-

tude, and probity, give an indisputable right to reverence and kindness, they will not be distinguished by common eyes, unless they are brightened by elegance of manners, but are cast aside, like unpolished gems, of which none but the artist knows the intrinsic value, till their asperities are smoothed, and their incrustations rubbed away.

Rambler, vol. 4.

Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

Idler, vol. 1.

In a long continuance of poverty, it cannot well be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want, by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed; and long associations with fortuitous companions will, at last, relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervour of sincerity.—Of such a man, it is surely some degree of praise to say, that he preserved the source of action unpolluted; that his principles were never shaken; that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity, or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pres-

sure, or casual temptation. A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstracted meditation, or remote inquiries. *Life of Collins.*

The poor are insensible of many little vexations which sometimes embitter the possessions and pollute the enjoyments of the rich. They are not pained by casual incivility, or mortified by the mutilation of a compliment; but this happiness is like that of a malefactor, who ceases to feel the cords that bind him when the pincers are tearing his flesh.

Review of the Origin of Evil

Politics.

A wise minister should conclude, that the slight of every honest man is a loss to the community; that those who are unhappy without guilt ought to be relieved; and the life which is overburthened by accidental calamities set at ease by the care of the public; and that those who by their misconduct have forfeited their claim to favour ought rather to be made useful to the society which they have injured, than to be driven from it.

Life of Savage.

It is not to be expected that physical and

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political truth should meet with equal acceptance, or gain ground upon the world with equal facility. The notions of naturalist find mankind in a state of neutrality, or, at worst, have nothing to encounter but prejudice and vanity; prejudice without malignity, and vanity without interest. But the politician's improvements are opposed by every passion that can exclude conviction, or suppress it; by ambition, by avarice, by hope, and by terror, by public faction, and private animosity.

*False Alarm.**Praise.*

The real satisfaction which praise can afford is when what is repeated aloud agrees with the whispers of conscience, by showing us that we have not endeavoured to deserve well in vain.

Rambler, vol. 3.

Every man willingly gives value to the praise which he receives, and considers the sentence passed in his favour as the sentence of discernment. We admire friend that understanding which sets us for confidence. We admire more patron that judgment, which, in scattering bounty indiscriminately it to us; and those performanc

gratitude forbids us to blame, affection will easily dispose us to exalt. *Life of Halifax.*

To scatter praise or blame without regard to justice is to destroy the distinction of good and evil. Many have no other test of actions than general opinion; and all are so influenced by a sense of reputation, that they are often restrained by fear of reproach, and excited by hope of honour, when other principles have lost their power.

Rambler, vol. 3.

Prayer—its proper Objects.

—————Petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear—nor deem religion
vain;

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice;
Safe in his power whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore his aid, in his decision rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.

Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can *im*,
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill,

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For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind nature's signal for retreat,
 These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
 These goods he grants who grants the pow'r to gain;
 With these, celestial wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

Vanity of Human Wishes.

Prosperity.
 Prosperity, as is truly asserted by Seneca, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimate of his own powers by inactive speculation. That fortitude which has endured no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can, at best, be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which, therefore, the true value cannot be assigned. Equally necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles, and affections, of mankind.

Rambler, vol. 3.

Peevishness.
 Peevishness, though sometimes it arises from old age, or the consequence of misery, is frequently one of the

ants on the prosperous, and is employed by insolence in exacting homage, or by tyranny in harassing subjection. It is the offspring of idleness or pride; of idleness, anxious for trifles, or pride, unwilling to endure the least obstruction of her wishes. Such is the consequence of peevishness, it can be borne only when it is despised.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Peevishness is generally the vice of narrow minds, and except when it is the effect of anguish and disease, by which the resolution is broken, and the mind made too feeble to bear the lightest addition to its miseries, proceeds from an unreasonable persuasion of the importance of trifles. The proper remedy against it is, to consider the dignity of human nature, and the folly of suffering perturbation and uneasiness from causes unworthy of our notice.

Ibid. vol. 3.

People.

The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed. To the community, sedition is a fever, corruption is a gangrene, and idleness an atrophy. Whatever body, and whatever society, wastes more than i

requires, must gradually decay ; and every being that continues to be fed, and ceases to labour, takes away something from the public stock.

Jaler, vol. 1.

Great regard should be paid to the voice of the people in cases where knowledge has been forced upon them by experience, without long deductions, or deep researches.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Punctuality.

Punctuality is a quality which the interest of mankind requires to be diffused through all the ranks of life, but which many seem to consider as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatness, or attention of wit, scarcely requisite amongst men of gayety and spirit, and sold at its highest rate, when it is sacrificed to a frolic or a jest.

Ibid. vol. 4.

Prudence.

Prudence operates on life in the same manner as rules on composition ; it produces vigilance rather than elevation, rather prevents loss than procures advantage, and often escapes miscarriages, but seldom reaches either power or honour.

Jaler, vol. 2.

Piety.

Piety is elevation of mind towards the Supreme Being, and extension of the thought to another life. The other life is future, and the Supreme Being is invisible. None would have recourse to an invisible power, but that all other subjects had eluded their hopes. None would fix their attention upon the future, but that they are discontented with the present. If the senses were feasted with perpetual pleasure, they would always keep the mind in subjection Reason has no authority over us, but by its power to warn us against evil.

Idler, vol. 2

Perseverance.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals; it is therefore of the utmost importance that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason and their spirit the power

of persisting in their purposes, acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Patience.

If what we suffer has been brought on us by ourselves, it is observed by an ancient poet, that patience is eminently our duty, since no one ought to be angry at feeling that which he has deserved. If we are conscious that we have not contributed to our own sufferings, if punishment falls upon innocence, or disappointment happens to industry and prudence, patience, whether more necessary or not, is much easier, since our pain is then without aggravation, and we have not the bitterness of remorse to add to the asperity of misfortune.

Ibid.

In those evils which are allotted us by Providence, such as deformity, privation of any of the senses, or old age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can have no present effect, but to deprive us of the consolations which our condition admits, by driving away from us those, by whose conversation, or advice, we might

be amused or helped ; and that with regard to futurity, it is yet less to be justified, since, without lessening the pain, it cuts off the hope of that reward, which he, by whom it is inflicted, will confer upon them that bear it well.

Rambler, vol. 1.

The chief security against the fruitless anguish of impatience must arise from frequent reflection on the wisdom and goodness of the God of nature, in whose hands are riches and poverty, honour and disgrace, pleasure and pain, and life and death. A settled conviction of the tendency of every thing to our good, and of the possibility of turning miseries into happiness by receiving them rightly, will incline us to bless the name of the Lord, whether he gives or takes away.

Ibid.

Pity.

Pity is to many of the unhappy a source of comfort in hopeless distresses, as it contributes to recommend them to themselves, by proving that they have not lost the regard of others ; and Heaven seems to indicate the duty even of barren compassion, by inclining us to weep for evils which we cannot remedy.

Ibid vol. 2.

Player.

A public performer is so much in the power of spectators, that all unnecessary severity is restrained by that general law of humanity which forbids us to be cruel where there is nothing to be feared.

Idler, vol. 1.

In every new performer something must be pardoned. No man can, by any force of resolution, secure to himself the full possession of his powers under the eye of a large assembly. Variation of gesture, and flexion of voice, are to be obtained only by experience.

Ibid.

Providence.

If the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the universe, perhaps it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greatest plenty which the condition of life makes of the greatest use; and that nothing is penuriously imparted, or placed far from the reach of men, of which a more liberal distribution, or more easy acquisition, would increase real and rational felicity.

Ibid.

Public.

Whatever is found to gratify the public will be multiplied by the emulation of venders beyond necessity or use. This plenty, indeed, produces cheapness; but cheapness always ends in negligence and depravation.

Idler, vol. 1.

Politeness.

Politeness is one of those advantages which we never estimate rightly, but by the inconvenience of its loss. Its influence upon the manners is constant and uniform, so that, like an equal motion, it escapes perception. The circumstances of every action are so adjusted to each other, that we do not see where any error could have been committed, and rather acquiesce in its propriety, than admire its exactness.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Plagiarism.

When the excellence of a new composition can no longer be contested, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applause, there is yet this one expedient to be tried—the charge of plagiarism. By this, the author may be degraded, though

his work be revered; and the excellence which we cannot obscure may be set at such a distance as not to overpower our fainter lustre.

Rambler, vol. 3.

Resolution.

Marshal Turenne, among the acknowledgments which he used to pay in conversation to the memory of those by whom he had been instructed in the art of war, mentioned one, with honour, who taught him *not to spend his time in regretting any mistake which he had made, but to set himself immediately, and vigorously, to repair it.* Patience and submission should be carefully distinguished from cowardice and indolence; we are not to repine, but we may lawfully struggle; for the calamities of life, like the necessities of nature, are calls to labour, and exercises of diligence.

Ibid. vol. 2.

Some firmness and resolution is necessary to the discharge of duty, but it is a very unhappy state of life in which the necessity of such struggles frequently occurs; for no man is defeated without some resentment, which will be continued with obstinacy, while he believes himself in the

right, and exerted with bitterness, if, even to his own conviction, he is detected in the wrong.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Most men may review all the lives that have passed within their observation, without remembering one efficacious resolution, or being able to tell a single instance of a course of practice suddenly changed, in consequence of a change of opinion, or an establishment of determination. Many, indeed, alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty; but they commonly varied imperceptibly from themselves, followed the train of external causes, and rather suffered reformation than made it.

Idler, vol. 1.

Religion.

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and reimpresed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.

Life of Milton.

That conversion of religion will always be suspected, that apparently concurs with

interest. He that never finds his error, till it hinders his progress towards wealth and honour, will not be thought to love truth only for herself. Yet it may happen information may come at a commodious time, and as truth and interest are not by any fatal necessity at variance, that one may, by accident, introduce the other.

Life of Dryden.

The great task of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the present, to impress upon his mind so strong a sense of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promised to virtue, and the terrors of the punishment denounced against crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and sorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and push forward at another against the threats of calamity.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Men may differ from each other in many religious opinions, yet all may retain the essentials of Christianity: men may sometimes eagerly dispute, and yet not differ

much from one another. The rigorous persecutors of error should therefore enlighten their zeal with knowledge, and temper their orthodoxy with charity; that charity, without which orthodoxy is vain; that charity "that thinketh no evil," but "hopeth all things, and endureth all things."

Life of Sir T. Browne.

Riches.

Poverty is an evil always in our view, an evil complicated with so many circumstances of uneasiness and vexation, that every man is studious to avoid it. Some degree of riches, therefore, is required, that we may be exempt from the gripe of necessity. When this purpose is once attained, we naturally wish for more, that the evil which is regarded with so much horror may be yet at a greater distance from us; as he that has once felt, or dreaded the paw of a savage, will not be at rest till they are parted by some barrier, which may take away all possibility of a second attack.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Whoever shall look heedfully upon those who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition such, as that he should hazard his quiet, and much less his

virtue, to obtain it; for all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice; a quicker succession of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuousness.

Rambler, vol. 1.

With regard to the mind, it has rarely been observed, that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery, or laying diligence asleep, confirm error, or harden stupidity. Wealth cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great, which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak.—Even royalty itself is not able to give that dignity, which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of kings, whose existence has scarcely been perceived, by any real effects beyond their own palaces.—When, therefore, the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry or fortune has obtained it. When we find

them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced, that, if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude, or desired with eagerness.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Though riches often prompt extravagant hopes and fallacious appearances, there are purposes to which a wise man may be delighted to apply them. They may, by a rational distribution to those who want them, ease the pains of helpless disease, still the throbs of restless anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression, and raise imbecility to cheerfulness and vigour. This they will enable a man to perform; and this will afford the only happiness ordained for our present state, the consequence of divine favour, and the hope of future rewards.

Ibid. vol. 3.

It is not hard to discover that riches always procure protection for themselves; that they dazzle the eyes of inquiry, divert the celerity of pursuit, or appease the ferocity of vengeance. When any

man is incontestably known to have large possessions, very few think it requisite to inquire by what practices they were obtained : the resentment of mankind rages only against the struggles of feeble and timorous corruption ; but when it has surmounted the first opposition, it is afterwards supported by favour, and animated by applause.

Rambler, vol. 3.

Comparison between Riches and Understanding.

As many more can discover that a man is richer than themselves, superiority of understanding is not so readily acknowledged as that of fortune ; nor is that haughtiness, which the consciousness of great abilities incites, borne with the same submission as the tyranny of affluence.

Life of Savage.

Comparison between Riches and Power.

Power and wealth supply the place of each other. Power confers the ability of gratifying our desires without the consent of others ; wealth enables us to obtain the consent of others to our gratification. Power, simply considered, whatever it confers on one, must take from another. Wealth enables its owner to give it to oth-

JOHNSON.

ers, by taking only from himself. I
pleases the violent and the proud; wealth
delights the placid and the timorous.
Youth, therefore, flies at power, and age
grovels after riches.

Western Islands.

Ridicule.

He that indulges himself in ridiculing
the little imperfections and weaknesses of
his friends, will in time find mankind united
against him. The man who sees another
ridiculed before him, though he may,
for the present, concur in the general
laugh, yet, in a cool hour, will consider
the same trick might be played against
himself; but when there is no sense of this
danger, the natural pride of human nature
rises against him, who, by general censures,
lays claim to general superiority.

Rambler, vol. 4.

Reflection.

All useless misery is certainly folly, and
he that feels evils before they come may
be deservedly censured; yet surely to
dread the future is more reasonable than
to lament the past. The business of life
is to go forward; he who sees evil in prospect
meets it in his way; but he who catches
it in retrospection turns back to find it

Idler vol 1

Refinement.

He that pleases himself too much with minute exactness, and submits to endure nothing in accommodations, attendance, or address, below the point of perfection, will, whenever he enters the crowd of life, be harassed with innumerable distresses, from which those who have not, in the same manner, increased their sensations, find no disturbance. His exotic softness will shrink at the coarseness of vulgar felicity, like a plant transplanted to northern nurseries, from the dews and sun-shine of the tropical regions. It is well known, that, exposed to a microscope, the smoothest polish of the most solid bodies discovers cavities and prominences; and that the softest bloom of roseate virginity repels the eye with excrescences and discolorations. Thus the senses, as well as the perceptions, may be improved to our own disquiet; and we may, by diligent cultivation of the powers of dislike, raise, in time, an artificial fastidiousness, which shall fill the imagination with phantoms of turpitude, show us the naked skeleton of every delight, and present us only with the pains of pleasure, and the deformities of beauty.

Rambler vol. 3.

Relaxation.

After the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practised in free and easy conversation, where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased.

Rambler, vol. 2

Repentance.

Repentance is the change of the heart from that of an evil to a good disposition; it is that disposition of mind by which "the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doth that which is lawful and right;" and when this change is made, the repentance is complete. *Convict's Address*

Repentance, however difficult to be practised, is, if it be explained without superstition, easily understood. Repentance is the relinquishment of any practice, from the conviction that it has offended

God. Sorrow, and fear, and anxiety, are properly not parts, but adjuncts of repentance; yet they are too closely connected with it to be easily separated; for they not only mark its sincerity, but promote its efficacy.

No man commits any act of negligence or obstinacy, by which his safety or happiness in this world is endangered, without feeling the pungency of remorse. He who is fully convinced, that he suffers by his own failure, can never forbear to trace back his miscarriage to its first cause, to impute to himself a contrary behaviour, and to form involuntary resolutions against the like fault, even when he knows that he shall never again have the power of committing it. Danger, considered as imminent, naturally produces such trepidations of impatience, as leave all human means of safety behind him: he that has once caught an alarm of terror is every moment seized with useless anxieties, adding one security to another, trembling with sudden doubts, and distracted by the perpetual occurrence of new expedients. If, therefore, he, whose crimes have deprived him of the favour of God, can reflect upon his conduct without disturbance, or can at will banish the reflection; if he who con-

siders himself as suspended over the abyss of eternal perdition only by the thread of life, which must soon part by its own weakness, and which the wing of every minute may divide, can cast his eyes round him without shuddering with horror, or panting with security; what can he judge of himself, but that he is not yet awakened to sufficient conviction, since every loss is more lamented than the loss of the divine favour, and every danger more dreaded than the danger of final condemnation?

Rambler, vol. 3.

The completion and sum of repentance is a change of life. That sorrow which dictates no caution, that fear which does not quicken our escape, that austerity which fails to rectify our affections, are vain and unavailing. But sorrow and terror must naturally precede reformation; for what other cause can produce it? He, therefore, that feels himself alarmed by his conscience, anxious for the attainment of a better state, and afflicted by the memory of his past faults, may justly conclude, that the great work of repentance is begun, and hope, by retirement and prayer, the natural and religious means of strengthening his conviction, to impress upon his mind such a sense

of the divine presence, as may overpower the blandishments of secular delights, and enable him to advance from one degree of holiness to another, till death shall set him free from doubt and contest, misery and temptation.

What better can we do than prostrate fall
Before him reverent ; and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Wat'ring the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek ?

Rambler, vol. 3.

Reason and Fancy.

Reason is like the sun, of which the light is constant, uniform, and lasting ; fancy, a meteor of bright, but transitory lustre, irregular in its motion, and delusive in its direction.

Prince of Abyssinia.

Scepticism.

There are some men of narrow views and grovelling conceptions, who, without the instigation of personal malice, treat every new attempt as wild and chimerical, and look upon every endeavour to depart from the beaten track, as the rash effort of a warm imagination, or the glittering speculation of an exalted mind, that may please

and dazzle for a time, but can produce no real, or lasting advantage. *Life of Blake.*

To play with important truths, to disturb the repose of established tenets, to subtilize objections, and elude proof, is too often the sport of youthful vanity, of which maturer experience commonly repents. There is a time when every man is weary of raising difficulties only to task himself with the solution, and desires to enjoy truth, without the labour or hazard of contest.

Life of Sir T. Browne.

Seduction.

There is not, perhaps, in all the stores of ideal anguish, a thought more painful than the consciousness of having propagated corruption by vitiating principles; of having not only drawn others from the paths of virtue, but blocked up the way by which they should return; of having blinded them to every beauty but the paint of pleasure; and deafened them to every call but the alluring voice of the strens of destruction.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Sorrow.

The sharpest and most melting sorrow is that which arises from the loss of those

whom we have loved with tenderness. But friendship between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one must sometimes mourn for the other's death; and this grief will always yield to the survivor one consolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels, his friend has escaped.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Subordination.

He that encroaches on another's dignity puts himself in his power; he is either repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension. A great mind disdains to hold any thing by courtesy, and therefore never usurps what a lawful claimant may take away.

Life of Swift.

Suspicion.

Suspicion is no less an enemy to virtue than to happiness. He that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious; and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt.

Rambler, vol. 2.

He that suffers by imposture has too often his virtue more impaired than his fortune. But as it is necessary not to

invite robbery by supineness, so it is our duty not to suppress tenderness by suspicion. It is better to suffer wrong than to do it; and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.

Rambler, vol. 2.

Statesmen.

I know not whether statesmen and patrons do not sometimes suffer more reproaches than they deserve from their dependants, and may not rather themselves complain that they are given up a prey to pretensions without merit, and to importunity without shame. The truth is, that the inconveniences of attendance are more lamented than felt. To the greater number, solicitation is its own reward: to be seen in good company, to talk of familiarities with men of power, to be able to tell the freshest news, to gratify an inferior circle with predictions of increase or decline of favour, and to be regarded as a candidate for high offices, are compensations more than equivalent to the delay of favours, which, perhaps, he that begs them has hardly confidence to expect.

Idler, vol. 1

Time.

The story of Methusalem affords a striking lecture on the value of time, which was, that, whenever he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that the day might not run out in the influence of suspense.

Howell, vol. 2.

When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor we shall find that part of our duration very small, of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice.

Ibid. vol. 2.

Life is continually ravaged by invaders one steals away an hour, and another day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by lulling us with amusement: the depredation is con-

tinned through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquillity, till, having lost all, we can lose no more.

Idler, vol. 1.

Time past.

Whether it be that life has more vexations than comforts, or, what is in event just the same, that evil makes deeper impressions than good, it is certain that few can review the time past without heaviness of heart. He remembers many calamities incurred by folly; many opportunities lost by negligence. The shades of the dead rise up before him, and he laments the companions of his youth, the partners of his amusements, the assistants of his labours, whom the hand of death has snatched away.

Id.

Trifles.

It may be frequently remarked of the studious and speculative, that they are proud of trifles, and that their amusements seem frivolous and childish; whether it be that men conscious of great reputation think themselves above the reach of censure, and safe in the admission of negligent indulgences, or that mankind expect from elevated genius an uniformity of greatness, and watch its degradation with malicious

wonder, like him, who, having followed with his eye an eagle into the clouds, should lament that she ever descended to a perch.

Life of Pope.

Travelling.

All travel has its advantages ; if the passenger visits better countries, he may learn to improve his own ; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy it.

Western Islands.

It is by studying at home, that we must obtain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement.

Life of Gray.

Truth.

Truth has no gradations ; nothing which admits of increase can be so much what it is, as *truth is truth*. There may be a *strange thing*, and a thing *more strange*. But if a proposition be *true*, there can be none *more true*.

Notes upon Shakspeare, vol. 2.

There is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth : it is apparent, that men can be sociable beings no longer than they can believe each other. When speech is employed only as the vehicle of false-

hood, every man must disunite himself from others, inhabit his own cave, and seek prey only for himself.

Idler, vol. 1.

It were doubtless to be wished, that truth and reason were universally prevalent; that every thing were esteemed according to its real value, and that men would secure themselves from being disappointed in their endeavours after happiness, by placing it only in virtue, which is always to be obtained. But, if adventitious and foreign pleasures must be pursued, it would be, perhaps, of some benefit, since that pursuit must frequently be fruitless, if it could be taught, that folly might be an antidote to folly, and one fallacy be obviated by another.

Life of Savage.

Truth finds an easy entrance into the mind, when she is introduced by desire, and attended by pleasure. But when she intrudes uncalled, and brings only fear and sorrow in her train, the passes of the intellect are barred against her by prejudice and passion; if she sometimes forces her way by the batteries of argument, she seldom long keeps possession of her conquests, but is ejected by some favoured enemy, or

at best obtains only a nominal sovereignty, without influence, and without authority.

Rambler, vol. 4.

Thoughts.

Though we have many examples of people existing without thought, it is certainly a state not much to be desired. He that lives in torpid insensibility wants nothing of a carcass but putrefaction. It is the part of every inhabitant of the earth to partake the pains and pleasures of his fellow beings; and, as in a road through a country desert and uniform, the traveller languishes for want of amusement, so the passage of life will be tedious and irksome to him who does not beguile it by diversified ideas.

Idler, vol. 1.

Things.

Things may be not only too little, but too much known, to be happily illustrated. To explain requires the use of terms less abstruse than that which is to be explained, and such terms cannot always be found; for, as nothing can be proved but by supposing something intuitively known, and evident without proof, so nothing can be defined but by the use of words too plain to admit a definition.

Preface to Dictionary.

Timidity.

Timidity is a disease of the mind more obstinate and fatal than presumption; as every experiment will teach presumption caution, and miscarriages will hourly show that attempts are not always rewarded with success. But the timid man persuades himself that every impediment is insuperable; and, in consequence of thinking so, has given it, in respect to himself, that strength and weight which it had not before.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Tragedy.

The reflection that strikes the heart at a tragedy is, not that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves, unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery; as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. In short, the delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Preface to Shakspeare

Virtue.

He who desires no virtue in his companion has no virtue in himself. Hence, when the wealthy and the dissolute connect themselves with indigent companions, for their powers of entertainment, their friendship amounts to little more than paying the reckoning for them. They only desire to drink and laugh; their fondness is without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendship.

Life of Otway.

He that would govern his actions by the laws of virtue must regulate his thoughts by the laws of reason; he must keep guilt from the recesses of his heart, and remember that the pleasures of fancy and the emotion of desire are more dangerous as they are more hidden, since they escape the awe of observation, and operate equally in every situation, without the concurrence of external opportunities.

Rambler, vol 1.

Intentional Virtue.

Nothing is more unjust, however common, than to charge with hypocrisy him that expresses zeal for those virtues which he neglects to practise; since he may be

sincerely convinced of the advantages of conquering his passions, without having yet obtained the victory; as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage or a journey, without having courage or industry to undertake it, and may honestly recommend to others those attempts which he neglects himself.

Rambler, vol. 1.

Excess of Virtue.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that it is more easy to take away superfluities, than to supply defects; and therefore he that is culpable, because he has passed the middle point of virtue, is always accounted a fairer object of hope than he who fails by falling short; as rashness is more pardonable than cowardice, profusion than avarice.

Ibid.

War.

As war is the extremity of evil, it is surely the duty of those, whose station intrusts them with the care of nations, to avert it from their charge. There are diseases of an animal nature which nothing but amputation can remove; so there may, by the depravation of human passions, be sometimes a gangrene in collected life, for

which fire and the sword are the necessary remedies ; but in what can skill or caution be better shown, than in preventing such dreadful operations, while there is room for gentler methods.

Falkland Islands.

The wars of civilized nations make very slow changes in the system of empire. The public perceives scarcely any alteration but an increase of debt ; and the few individuals who are benefited are not supposed to have the clearest right to their advantages. If he that shared the danger enjoyed the profit ; if he that bled in the battle grew rich by victory ; he might show his gains without envy. But, at the conclusion of a long war, how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes, and the expense of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of pay-masters and agents, contractors and commissioners, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations ? *Id.*

That conduct which betrays designs of future hostility, if it does not excite violence, will always generate malignity ; it must for ever exclude confidence and friendship, and continue a cold and stungish rivalry, by a sly reciprocation of indi-

rect 'njuries, without the bravery of war,
or the security of peace. *Falkland Islands.*

Wit.

Wit, like every other power, has its boundaries. Its success depends on the aptitude of others to receive impressions; and that as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can set the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.

Rambler, vol. 4.

Wit being an unexpected copulation of ideas, the discovery of some occult relation between images in appearance remote from each other; an effusion of wit, therefore, pre-supposes an accumulation of knowledge; a memory stored with notions, which the imagination may cull out to compose new assemblages. Whatever may be the native vigour of the mind, she can never form many combinations from few ideas; as many changes can never be rung upon a few bells.

Ibid.

Wealth.

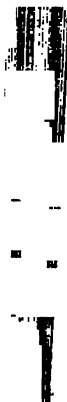
Some light might be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase

of English wealth, by observing that Latimer, in the time of Edward VI., mentions it, as a proof of his father's prosperity, that, though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters *five pounds* each for her portion. At the latter end of Elizabeth, *seven hundred pounds* were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes *twelve thousand pounds* more than a counterbalance to the affectation of Belinda.—No poet would *now* fly his favourite character at less than *fifty thousand*.

Notes upon Shakspeare, vol. 1.

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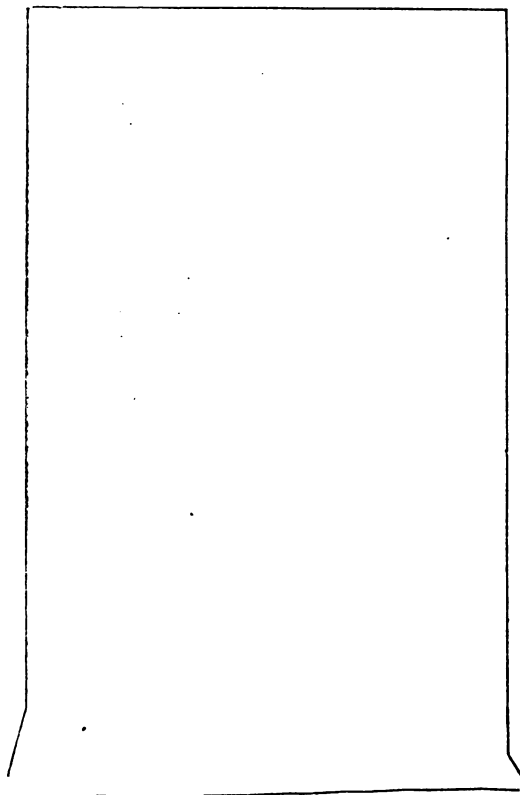
STERNE,

CHOICE

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WORKS

NEW YORK:
LEAVITT & COMPANY,
191 BROADWAY.

1851.



MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE AND FAMILY
OF THE LATE
REV. MR. LAURENCE STERNE.
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

ROGER STERNE, (grandson to Archbishop Sterne,) lieutenant in Handaside's regiment, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of a good family: her family name was (I believe) Nuttle—though, upon recollection, that was the name of her father-in-law, who was a noted sutler in Flanders, in Queen Ann's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter, (N. B. he was in debt to him,) which was in September 25, 1711, Old Style.—
This Nuttle had a son by my grandmother

—a fine person of a man, but a graceless whelp—what became of him I know not. —The family (if any left) live now at Clonmel, in the south of Ireland, at which town I was born November 24, 1713, a few days after my mother arrived from Dunkirk.—My birth-day was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day after our arrival, with many other brave officers, broke, and sent adrift into the wide world with a wife and two children—the elder of which was Mary; she was born at Lisle, in French Flanders, July the tenth, one thousand seven hundred and twelve, Old Style.—This child was most unfortunate—she married one Weemans, in Dublin—who used her most unmercifully—spent his substance, became a bankrupt, and left my poor sister to shift for herself,—which she was able to do but for a few months, for she went to a friend's house in the country, and died of a broken heart. She was a most beautiful woman—of a fine figure, and deserved a better fate.—The regiment in which my father served being broke, he left Ireland as soon as I was able to be carried, with the rest of his family, and came to the family seat at Elvington, near York, where his mother lived. She was daughter to Sir George Jaques, and an

heirress. There we sojourned for above ten months, when the regiment was established, and our household decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin—within a month of our arrival, my father left us, being ordered to Exeter, where, in a sad winter, my mother and her two children followed him, travelling from Liverpool by land to Plymouth. (Melancholy description of this journey not necessary to be transmitted here.) In twelve months we were all sent back to Dublin.—My mother, with three of us, (for she laid in at Plymouth of a boy, Joram,) took ship at Bristol, for Ireland, and had a narrow escape from being cast away, by a leak springing up in the vessel. At length, after many perils and struggles, we got to Dublin. There my father took a large house, furnished it, and in a year and a half's time spent a great deal of money.—In the year one thousand seven hundred and nineteen, all unhinged again; the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Isle of Wight, in order to embark for Spain, in the Vigo expedition. We accompanied the regiment, and were driven into Milford Haven, but landed at Bristol, from thence by land to Plymouth again, and to the Isle of Wight—where I remem-

ber we staid encamped some time before the embarkation of the troops—(in this expedition from Bristol to Hampshire we lost poor Joram—a pretty boy, four years old, of the small pox)—my mother, sister, and myself, remained at the Isle of Wight during the *Vigo* expedition, and until the regiment had got back to Wicklow in Ireland, from whence my father sent for us. We had poor Joram's loss supplied, during our stay in the Isle of Wight, by the birth of a girl, Anne, born September the twenty-third, one thousand seven hundred and nineteen.—This pretty blossom fell at the age of three years, in the barracks of Dublin—she was, as I well remember, of a fine, delicate frame, not made to last long, as were most of my father's babes. We embarked for Dublin, and had all been cast away by a most violent storm, but, through the intercessions of my mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into Wales, where we staid a month, and at length got into Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow, where my father had for some weeks given us over for lost.—We lived in the barracks at Wicklow one year, (one thousand seven hundred and twenty,) when *Devijeher* (so called after Colonel *Devijeher*) was born; from thence we decamped

to stay half a year with Mr. Featherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wicklow, who, being a relation of my mother's, invited us to his parsonage, at Animo.—It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt—the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland—where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me.—From hence we followed the regiment to Dublin, where we lay in the barracks a year. In this year, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one, I learned to write, &c. The regiment was ordered in twenty-two to Carrickfergus, in the north of Ireland; we all decamped, but got no further than Drogheda, thence ordered to Mullengar, forty miles west, where by Providence we stumbled upon a kind relation, a collateral descendant from Archbishop Sterne, who took us all to his castle, and kindly entertained us for a year—and sent us to the regiment at Carrickfergus, loaded with kindnesses, &c.—a most rueful and tedious journey had we all, in March, to Carrickfergus, where we arrived in six or seven days—little Devijeher here died; he was *three years* old—he had been left behind

at nurse at a farm-house near Wicklow, but was fetched to us by my father. The summer after, another child was sent to fill his place, Susan; this babe, too, left us behind in this weary journey.—The autumn of that year, or the spring afterward, (I forget which,) my father got leave of his colonel to fix me at school—which he did near Halifax, with an able master; with whom I staid some time, till, by God's care of me, my cousin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and sent me to the university, &c. &c. To pursue the thread of our story, my father's regiment was the year after ordered to Londonderry, where another sister was brought forth, Catherine, still living, but most unhappily estranged from me by my uncle's wickedness, and her own folly—from this station the regiment was sent to defend Gibraltar, at the siege, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel,—the quarrel began about a goose—with much difficulty he survived—though with a partial constitution, which was not able to withstand the hardships it was put to—for he was sent to Jamaica, where he soon fell by the country fever, which took away *his* senses first, and made a child of him, and then, in a month or two, walking about

continually without complaining, till the moment he sat down in an arm chair, and breathed his last—which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the island.—My father was a little, smart man,—active to the last degree, in all exercises—most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure—he was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty—but of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design; and so innocent in his own intentions, that he suspected no one: so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose—my poor father died March, 1731—I remained at Halifax till about the latter end of the year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myself and schoolmaster—He had the ceiling of the schoolroom new white-washed—the ladder remained there.—I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brush, in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment—this expression made me forget the stripes I had received. In the year thirty-

two my cousin sent me to the university, where I staid some time. 'Twas there that I commenced a friendship with Mr. H—— which has been most lasting on both sides—I then came to York, and my uncle got me the living of Sutton—and at York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years—she owned she liked me, but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together—she went to her sister's in S——, and I wrote to her often—I believe then she was partly determined to have me, but would not say so—at her return she fell into a consumption—and one evening that I was sitting by her with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, “My dear Laurey, I can never be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live—but I have left you every shilling of my fortune ;”—upon that she showed me her will—this generosity overpowered me. It pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in the year 1741. My uncle and myself were then upon very good terms, for he soon got me the prebendary of York—but he quarrelled with me afterwards, because I would not write paragraphs in the newspapers—though he was a party-man, I was not, and detested such

dirty work, thinking it beneath me—from that period, he became my bitterest enemy. By my wife's means I got the living of Stillington—a friend of hers in the South had promised her, that, if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire, when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it. I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places—I had then very good health. Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting were my amusements; as to the squire of the parish, I cannot say we were upon a very friendly footing—but at Stillington, the family of the C——'s showed us every kindness—'twas most truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends. In the year 1760, I took a house at York for your mother and yourself, and went up to London to publish my two first volumes of *Shandy*. In that year Lord Falconbridge presented me with the curacy of Coxwold—a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton. In sixty-two I went to France, before the peace was concluded, and you both followed me. I left you both in France, and in two years after, I went to Italy for the recovery of my health—and when I called upon you, I tried to engage your

mother to return to England with me,—she and yourself are at length come—and I have the inexpressible joy of seeing my girl every thing I wished her.

I have set down these particulars relating to my family, and self, for my Lydia, in case hereafter she might have a curiosity, or kinder motive, to know them.

As Mr. Sterne, in the foregoing narrative, hath brought down the account of himself until within a few months of his death, it remains only to mention that he left York about the end of the year 1767, and came to London in order to publish *The Sentimental Journey*, which he had written during the preceding summer at his favourite living at Coxwold. His health had been for some time declining, but he continued to visit his friends, and retained his usual flow of spirits. In February, 1768, he began to perceive the approaches of death, and with the concern of a good man, and the solicitude of an affectionate parent, devoted his attention to the future welfare of his daughter. His letters at this period reflect so much credit to his character, that it is to be lamented some others in the collection are not permitted to see the light. After a short struggle with

his disorder, his debilitated and worn out frame submitted to fate on the 18th day of March, 1768, at his lodgings in Bond-street. He was buried at the new burying-ground, belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, on the 22d of the same month, in the most private manner; and hath since been indebted to strangers for a monument very unworthy of his memory; on which the following lines are inscribed:

“Near to this place
Lies the Body of
The Reverend Laurence Sterne, A. M.
Died September 18th, 1768,
Aged 53 Years.

‘Ah! molliter ossa quiescant.’

If a sound Head, warm Heart, and Breast humane,
Unullied Worth, and Soul without a Stain;
If mental Powers could ever justly claim
The well-won Tribute of immortal Fame,
Sterne was *the Man*, who, with gigantic Stride,
Mowed down luxuriant Follies far and wide.
Yet what, though keenest Knowledge of Mankind
Unseal'd to him the Springs that move the Mind,
What did it cost him? ridicul'd, abus'd,
By Fools insulted, and by Prudes accus'd.
In his, mild Reader, view thy future Fate,
Like him despise what 'twere a Sin to hate

This monumental stone was erected by two brother masons; for, although he did not live to be a member of their society, yet as his all-incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square, they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.

W. & S."

BEAUTIES.

ON WRITING.

WRITING, when properly managed, (as you may be sure I think mine is,) is but a different name for conversation. As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all;—so no author, who understands the just boundaries of decorum and good-breeding, would presume to think all: the truest respect which you can pay to the reader's understanding is, to halve this matter amicably, and leave him something to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourself.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as busy as my own.

THE PRECEPTOR.

You see 'tis high time, said my father, addressing himself equally to my uncle Toby and Yorick, to take this young crea-

ture out of these women's hands, and put him into those of a private governor.

Now, as I consider the person, who is to be about my son, as the mirror in which he is to view himself from morning to night, and by which he is to adjust his looks, his carriage, and perhaps the inmost sentiments of his heart ;—I would have one, Yorick, if possible, polished at all points, fit for my child to look into.

There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and speaking, which argues a man *well within*. There are a thousand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's soul ; and I maintain it, added he, that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room, or take it up in going out of it, but something escapes which discovers him.

I will have him, continued my father, cheerful, faceté, jovial ; at the same time, prudent, attentive to business, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in resolving doubts and speculative questions :—he shall be wise, and judicious, and learned . —And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle tempered, and good ? said Yorick : —And why not, cried my uncle Toby, free,

and generous, and bountiful, and brave?—He shall, my dear Toby, cried my father, getting up, and shaking him by his hand.—Then, brother Shandy, answered my uncle Toby, raising himself off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand—I humbly beg I may recommend poor Le Fevre's son to you;—a tear of joy of the first water sparkled in my uncle Toby's eye,—and another, the fellow to it, in the corporal's, as the proposition was made;—you will see why, when you read Le Fevre's story.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard,—I say sitting, for, in consideration of the corporal's lame knee, which sometimes gave him exquisite pain, when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand;—and the poor fellow's veneration was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle

Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect: this bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes for five and twenty years together.—But this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it?—Ask my pen,—it governs me, I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack; 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast:—“*I think,*” says he, taking his hand from his forehead, “*it would comfort me.*”

—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill—I hope in God he will still mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul; I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and

thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host:—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again.—He has a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him.

as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took them away, without saying one word; and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas:—and, besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, it will be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby, —or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a

full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired, at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army, then? said my uncle Toby—He is, said the corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forward, as I learnt it—Then, Trim, I will fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—*Your honour is good*: and having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words.

I despaired, at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to

your honour, about the lieutenant and his son ; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him ;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment,) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But, alas ! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me—for I heard the death watch all night long ;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him ; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of ;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him

best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

—I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely sorry for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou mightst have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby,)—he was heartily welcome to it:—He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour,) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I

opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but said not a word good nor bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the corporal—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.——

I thought, said the curate, that you, gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle To-

by.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches: harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow:—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I—(for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army)—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray—he prays as heartily as a parson,—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be seen who have done their duties in this world,—and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will *show it thee to-morrow*:—In the mean

time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one. I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with the story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white handkerchief beside it:—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling;—the book was laid upon the bed;—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side: If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's along with them, for his courtesy to me;—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant—I told him your

honour was.—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him,—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.

—You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing ;—possibly he may my story,—added he,—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.—

Do you so ? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief ;—then well may I.

—In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed it twice—Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and, falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed, and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned ;—shall I pour your hon-

our out a glass of sack to your pipe ? Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife,—and particularly well, that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what,) was universally pitied by the whole regiment ; but finish the story thou art upon :——’Tis finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night : young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs ; and, as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders. But alas ! said the corporal,—the lieutenant’s last day’s march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy ? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby’s eternal honour, that he set aside every other concern, and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this !

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,

—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse ; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too :—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim ; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him :—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim ; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, his boy's and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.——

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world, said the corporal ;—He will march, said my uncle

Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—An't please your honour, said the corporal he will never march but to his grave He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—he shall march to his regiment ———He cannot stand it, said the corporal:—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby:—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy? —He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. A-well-a'day—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

———My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and, having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright, the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand

of death pressed heavy on his eye-lids,—— and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,——when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,——how he had rested in the night,——what was his complaint,——where was his pain,——and what he could do to help him?——and, without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him

——You shall go home directly Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby to my house,—— and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,——and we'll have an apothecary,——and the corporal shall be your nurse;——and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,——not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it,——which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature : to this there was something in his

looks and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and to take shelter under him ; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back :—the film forsook his eyes for a moment ;—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy,—and that *ligament*, fine as it was, was never broken.—

Nature instantly ebbd again,—the film returned to its place—the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped—shall I go on ?—No.

All that is necessary to be added is as follows—

That my uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

When my uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Ferre, and betwixt Le Fevre and all man-

kind,——there remained nothing more in my uncle Toby's hands, than an old regimental coat, and a sword; so that my uncle Toby found little opposition from the world in taking administration. The coat my uncle Toby gave the corporal:—Wear it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, as long as it will hold together, for the sake of the poor lieutenant—And this, said my uncle Toby, taking up the sword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke—and this, Le Fevre, I'll save for thee——'tis all the fortune, my dear Le Fevre, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,—and thou doest it like a man of honour,——'tis enough for us.

As soon as my uncle Toby had laid a foundation, he sent him to a public school, where, except Whitsuntide and Christmas,—at which time the corporal was punctually despatched for him,—he remained to the spring of the year seventeen; when the stories of the emperor's sending his army into Hungary against the Turks, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and, throwing himself upon his knees before my uncle Toby, begged his father's sword, and my uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go

and try his fortune under Eugene——
Twice did my uncle Toby forget his wound,
and cry out, Le Fevre ! I will go with thee,
and thou shalt fight beside me—And twice
he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung
down his head in sorrow and disconsolation.

My uncle Toby took down the sword
from the crook, where it had hung un-
touched ever since the lieutenant's death,
and delivered it to the corporal to brighten
up;—and having detained Le Fevre a
single fortnight to equip him, and contract
for his passage to Leghorn, he put the
sword into his hand :—If thou art brave,
Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, this will
not fail thee ;—but Fortune, said he, mus-
ing a little—Fortune may—And if she
does, added my uncle Toby, embracing
him, come back again to me, Le Fevre, and
we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have op-
pressed the heart of Le Fevre more than
my uncle Toby's paternal kindness ;—he
parted from my uncle Toby as the best of
sons from the best of fathers—both dropped
tears—and as my uncle Toby gave him his
last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up
in an old purse of his father's, in which was
his mother's ring, into his hand, and bidd
God bless him

Le Fevre got up to the imperial army just time enough to try what metal his sword was made of at the defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a series of unmerited mischances had pursued him from that moment, and trod close upon his heels for four years together after: he had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook him at Marseilles; from whence he wrote my uncle Toby word, he had lost his time, his services, his health, and, in short, every thing but his sword;—and was waiting for the first ship to return back to him.

Le Fevre was hourly expected, and was uppermost in my uncle Toby's mind all the time my father was giving him and Yorick a description of what kind of a person he would choose for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle Toby thought my father at first somewhat fanciful in the accomplishments he required, he forbore mentioning Le Fevre's name,—till the character, by Yorick's interposition, ending unexpectedly in one, who should be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impressed the image of Le Fevre and his interest upon my uncle Toby so forcibly, he rose instantly off his chair; and, laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands

—I beg, brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, I may recommend poor Le Fevre's son to you—I beseech you, do, added Yorkick—He has a good heart, said my uncle Toby—And a brave one too, an't please your honour, said the corporal—The best hearts, Trim, are ever the bravest, replied my uncle Toby. *Tristram Shandy, vol. 3.*

THE P'IE-MAN.

Seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, in Versailles, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him, and inquire for the Count de B***'s hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale; and told me it was a chevalier de St. Louis selling *pâtés*—It is impossible, La Fleur! said I. —La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: he had seen the *croix*, set in gold, with its red riband, he said, tied to his button-hole—and had looked into his basket, and seen the *pâtés* which the chevalier was selling; so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him as I sat in the *remise*—the more I looked at him,

his *croix*, and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain—I got out of the *remise*, and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron, which fell below his knees, and with a sort of bib, which went half way up his breast; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his *croix*. His basket of little *pâtés* was covered over with a white damask napkin; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was a look of *proprete* and neatness throughout, that one might have bought his *pâtés* of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither, but stood still with them at the corner of a hotel, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the basket than him, and, having lifted up the napkin, and taken one of his *pâtés* into my hand, I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service, in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the *croix* with it; but that, at the conclusion of the

last peace, his regiment being re-formed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without any provision, —he found himself in a wide world, without friends, without a livre—and indeed, said he, without any thing but this —(pointing as he said it to his *croix*):—the poor chevalier won my pity, and he finished the scene with winning my esteem too.

The king, he said, was the most generous of princes; but his generosity could neither relieve nor reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *pâtisserie*; and added, he felt no dishonour in defending her and himself from want in this way—unless Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It seems he usually took his stand towards the iron gates which lead up to the palace; and as his *croix* had caught the eyes of numbers, numbers had made the same inquiry which I had done—He had told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it

had reached at last the king's ears—who hearing the chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity—he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a year.

Sentimental Journey.

THE SWORD.

Rennes.

When states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty are—I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house d'E**** in Brittany into decay. The marquis d'E**** had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still show to the world, some little fragment of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obscurity*—But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light*—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open the way—the *mounting* was too expensive—and simple economy was not a match for it—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Brittany, this was smiting the root for ever

of the little tree, his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom—But in Brittany there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and, taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the dutchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side—Here, said he, take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the marquis's sword—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked-for bequests from distant branches of his house—returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition—I call it solemn—it was so to me.

The marquis entered the court with his •

whole family : he supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—He put his handkerchief to his face twice.—

—There was a dead silence. When the marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family—he reclaimed his sword.—His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard—'twas the shining face of a friend he had once given up—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place : I could not be deceived by what followed.

“I shall find,” said he, “some other way to get it off.”

When the marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

• O, how I envied him his feelings!

Sentimental Journey

MARIA.

—They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the foreglass to hear them more distinctly—'Tis Maria, said the postilion, observing I was listening—Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us,) is sitting upon a bank, playing her vespers uppn her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece, when I got to Moulines.

And who is poor Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postilion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her bans forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the parish, who published them——

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—they were the same notes; yet were ten times sweet.

er. It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postilion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting; she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive-leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her.

———God help her! poor damsel: above a hundred masses, said the postilion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around for her;—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the

Virgin will at last restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postilion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprang out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately——

—Well, Maria, said I, softly—what resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *beast* man is,—that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered—and yet I own my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for Wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days—and never—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them—I believe there was a reserve—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor, hapless damsel! Some time, but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and, with broken and irregular steps, walked softly to my chaise.

Tristram Shandy, vol. 4.

MARIA.

Moulines

I never felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now—to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the sweetest part of France—in the heyday of the vintage, when nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up—a journey, through each step of which Music beats time to Labour, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters—to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Just Heaven!——it will fill up twenty volumes——and alas! I have but a few small pages of this to crowd it into

——and half these must be taken up with the poor Maria my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to inquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the knight of the woful countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures——but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door; her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth—She had lost her husband; he had died, she said, of anguish for the loss of Maria's senses, about a month before—She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road—

—Why does my pulse beat languid as I

write this; and what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postilion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening of the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand;—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postilion go on with the chaise to Moulines, and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted in a silk net.—She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale-green riband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle: as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked

in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat, for, as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away, as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped hers again—and, as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me to the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale, thin person of a man who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she

added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril——on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had, since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Apennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but *God tempers the wind*, said Maria, *to the shorn lamb*.

Shorn, indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back—when the sun went down, I would say my prayers; and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream—And where will you dry it, Maria? said I—I will dry it in my bosom, said she,—’twill do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She said, To Moulins.—Let us go, said I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and, lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulins.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet, when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was, nevertheless, of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something

that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that, could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor, luckless maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds.—The Being, who has twice bruised thee, can only bind them up for ever.

Sentimental Journey.

SENSIBILITY.

——Dear Sensibility! source exhausted of all that is precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon the bed of straw—and 'tis thou who liftest him up to heaven——eternal fountain of our feelings!—'tis here I trace thee—and this is thy "*divinity which stirs within me*"—not that, in some sad and sickening moments, "*my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction*"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself—all comes from

thee, great—great sensorium of the world ! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but fall upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.—Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock—this moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!—Oh ! had I come one moment sooner !—it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it.—

Peace to thee, generous swain ! I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the sharer of it—and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

Sentimental Journey.

THE SUPPER.

A shoe coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Taurira, the postilion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket : as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence,

I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again, as well as we could; but the postilion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaisebox being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when, coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and, seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the postilion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster. It was a little farm-house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard—about as much corn—and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house—and on the other side was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house—so I left the postilion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old gray-headed man and his wife, with five or six

sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup : a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table ; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast—'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and, with a respectful cordiality, would have me sit down at the table : my heart was set down the moment I entered the room ; so I sat down at once, like a son of the family ; and, to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and, taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon ; and as I did, it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it.

Was it this—or tell me, Nature, what else it was that made this morsel so sweet—and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour ?

If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed was much more so.

THE GRACE.

When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into the back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their *sabots*: and in three minutes every soul was ready upon a little *esplanade* before the house to begin—The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the *vielle*—and, at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now and then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and joined her old man again, as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement, wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity.—In a word, I thought I beheld religion mixing in the

dance—but, as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way : and that, all his life long, he made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice ! believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay.

—Or a learned prelate either, said I.

Sentimental Journey.

ILLUSION.

Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments !—Long—long since had ye numbered out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground : when my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rosebuds of delight ; and, having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthened and refreshed—When evils press sore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in the world, then

I take a new course—I leave it—and, as I have a clearer idea of the Elysian fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like Æneas, into them—I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido—and wish to recognise it—I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours—I lose the feelings of myself in hers—and those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow—nor does man disquiet himself in vain by it—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only—I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon its own ground.

Sentimental Journey.

LE DIMANCHE.

It was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himself so gallantly arrayed, I scarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montreuil to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop,

and four Louis-d'ors *pour s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same—They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing—I wished him hanged for telling me.—They looked so fresh, that I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy, with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the Rue de Fripperie.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris.

He had purchased, moreover, a handsome blue satin waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered—this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but 'twas clean scoured—the gold had been touched up, and, upon the whole, was rather showy than otherwise—and, as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeezed out of the money, moreover, a new bag and *solitaire*; and had insisted with the frippier upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches' knees—He had purchased muslin ruffles, *bien bordés*, with four livres of his own money,—and a pair of white silk stockings, for five

more—and, to top all, nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sous.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair dressed in the first style, and with a handsome *bouquet* in his breast—in a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and, by combating both together, it instantly struck me, that the favour he wished to ask me the night before was, to spend the day as every one in Paris spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility; but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis-à-vis de sa maîtresse*.

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis-à-vis* Madame de R***—I had retained the *remise* on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dressed as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it: I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not *argue*, in these embarrassments—the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with nature, in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and

wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters—no doubt they have set their self-denials at a price—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

*Behold,—Behold, I am thy servant—*disarms me at once of the powers of a master.—

—Thou shalt go, La Fleur, said I.

—And what mistress, La Fleur, said I, canst thou have picked up in so little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said 'twas a *petite demoiselle* at Monsieur le Comte de B*****s—La Fleur had a heart made for society; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master—so that, some how or other,—but how—Heaven knows—he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair-case, during the time I was taken up with my passport; and, as there was time enough for me to win the count to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his.—The family, it seems, was to be at Paris that day; and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the count's household, upon the boulevards.

Happy people ! that once a week, at least, are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth.

Sentimental Journey.

THE MONK.

Calais.

A poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies—or one man may be generous as another man is puissant—*sed non quoad hanc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours ; they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves—'twould oft be no discredit to us to suppose it was so : I'm sure, at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied to have it said by the world, "I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame," than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed ; wherein there was so much of both.

—But be this as it may : the moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predeter-

mined not to give him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him; there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire that was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—Truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating,—free from all common-place ideas of fat, contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards; but looked, as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows: but it

would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and, as it now stands present to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it.

A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he

had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be their source who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I,—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meager diet—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portman-teau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate—The monk made me a bow—But of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in dis-

tress upon our own shore—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, no doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply; a hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he showed none—but, letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unknown

language—I considered his gray hairs——his courteous figure seemed to re-enter and gently ask me, what injury he had done me, and why I could use him thus—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

Sentimental Journey.

THE MONK.

The good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him crossed my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no.—He stopped, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness; and, having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me—You shall taste mine—said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one)—putting it into his hand—’Tis most excellent, said the monk: Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk blushed as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu !* said he, pressing his hands together—you never used me unkindly.—I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. I blushed in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel to analyze.—Excuse me, madam, replied I,—I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocation. 'Tis impossible, said the lady.—My God! cried the monk with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him—the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal—the lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining, it was impossible that a spirit so regulated as his could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it.—We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when, in such a circle, you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubbed his horn-box upon the sleeve of his tunic; and, as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction, he made a low bow, and said 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our temper which had involved us in this contest—but

be it as it would—he begged we might exchange boxes—in saying this he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me with the other; and having kissed it—with a stream of good-nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom—and took his leave.

I guard this box as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better: in truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own in the justlings of the world: they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits as I am going to add, that, in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where

they had laid him—when upon pulling out his little horn-box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

Sentimental Journey.

FELLOW-FEELING.

There is something in our nature which engages us to take part in every accident to which man is subject, from what cause soever it may have happened; but in such calamities as a man has fallen into through mere misfortune, to be charged upon no fault or indiscretion of himself, there is something then so truly interesting, that at the first sight we generally make them our own, not altogether from a reflection that they might have been or may be so, but oftener from a certain generosity and tenderness of nature which disposes us for compassion, abstracted from all considerations of self: so that, without any observable act of the will, we suffer with the unfortunate, and feel a weight upon our spirits, we know not why, on seeing the most common instances of their distress. But where

the spectacle is uncommonly tragical, and complicated with many circumstances of misery, the mind is then taken captive at once, and, were it inclined to it, has no power to make resistance, but surrenders itself to all the tender emotions of pity and deep concern. So that when one considers this friendly part of nature, without looking farther, one would think it impossible for man to look upon misery without finding himself in some measure attached to the interest of him who suffers it—I say one would think it impossible—for there are some tempers—how shall I describe them?—formed either of such impenetrable matter, or wrought up by habitual selfishness to such an utter insensibility of what becomes of the fortunes of their fellow-creatures, as if they were not partakers of the same nature, or had no lot or connexion with the species.

Sermon iii.

THE MERCIFUL MAN.

Look into the world—how often do you behold a sordid wretch,—whose strait heart is open to no man's affliction, taking shelter behind an appearance of piety, and putting on the garb of religion, which none but the merciful and compassionate have a title to wear! Take notice with what sanctity he

goes to the end of his days, in the same selfish track in which he at first set out—turning neither to the right hand nor the left—but plods on—pores all his life long upon the ground, as if afraid to look up, lest, peradventure, he should see aught which might turn him one moment out of that straight line where interest is carrying him; or if, by chance, he stumbles upon a hapless object of distress, which threatens such a disaster to him—*devoutly* passing by on the other side, as if unwilling to trust himself to the impressions of nature, or hazard the inconveniencies which pity might lead him into upon the occasion. *Sermon iii.*

PITY.

In benevolent natures, the impulse to pity is so sudden, that, like instruments of music, which obey the touch—the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions, work so instantaneous an effect, that you would think the will was scarce concerned, and that the mind was altogether passive in the sympathy which her own goodness has excited. The truth is—the soul is generally in such cases so busily taken up and wholly engrossed by the object of pity, that she does not attend to her own operations.

or take leisure to examine the principles upon which she acts.

Sermon iii.

SLANDER.

Of the many revengeful, covetous, false, and ill-natured persons which we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man amongst us singles out himself as a criminal, or ever once takes it into his head that he adds to the number?—or where is there a man so bad, who would not think it the hardest and most unfair imputation, to have any of those particular vices laid to his charge?

If he has the symptoms ever so strong upon him, which he would pronounce infallible in another, they are indications of no such malady in himself—he sees what no one else sees—some secret and flattering circumstances in his favour, which, no doubt, make a wide difference betwixt his case, and the parties which he condemns.

What other man speaks so often and so vehemently against the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himself? It is the same with the passionate, the designing, the ambitious, and some other common characters in life;

and being a consequence of the nature of such vices, and almost inseparable from them, the effects of it are generally so gross and absurd, that, where pity does not forbid, it is pleasant to observe and trace the cheat through the several turnings and windings of the heart, and detect it through all the shapes and appearances which it puts on.

Sermon iv.

HOUSE OF MOURNING.

Let us go into the house of mourning, made so by such afflictions as have been brought on, merely by the common cross accidents and disasters to which our condition is exposed,—where, perhaps, the aged parents sit broken-hearted, pierced to their souls with the folly and indiscretion of a thankless child—the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes and expectations centred :—perhaps a more affecting scene—a virtuous family lying pinched with want, where the unfortunate support of it, having long struggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up against them,—is now piteously borne down at the last—overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecast or frugality could have prevented.—O God ! look upon his afflictions—Behold him distracted with many

sorrows, surrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares—without bread to give them, unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig ;—to beg, ashamed.

When we enter into the house of mourning such as this, it is impossible to insult the unfortunate even with an improper look—Under whatever levity and dissipation of heart such objects catch our eyes,—they catch likewise our attentions, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work ! how necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities to which the life of man is subject ! By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to see and reflect upon the vanity—the perishing condition, and uncertain tenure of every thing in this world. From reflections of this serious cast, how insensibly do the thoughts carry us farther !—and from considering what we are—what kind of world we live in, and what evils befall us in it, how naturally do they set us to look forwards at what possibly we shall be,—for what kind of world we are intended

—what evils may befall us there—and what provisions we should make against them here, whilst we have time and opportunity! If these lessons are so inseparable from the house of mourning here supposed—we shall find it a still more instructive school of wisdom when we take a view of the place in that more affecting light in which the wise man seems to confine it in the text; in which, by the house of mourning, I believe, he means that particular scene of sorrow, where there is lamentation and mourning for the dead. Turn hither, I beseech you, for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only son of his mother, and she a widow! Perhaps a more affecting spectacle, a kind and indulgent father of a numerous family, lies breathless—snatched away in the strength of his age—torn in an evil hour from his children and the bosom of a disconsolate wife! Behold much people of the city gathered together to mix their tears, with settled sorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house of mourning, to perform the last melancholy office, which, when the debt of nature is paid, we are called upon to pay each other! If this sad occasion, which leads him there, has not done it already, take notice to what a

serious and devout frame of mind every man is reduced, the moment he enters this gate of affliction. The busy and fluttering spirits which in the house of mirth were wont to transport him from one diverting object to another—see how they are fallen! how peaceably they are laid! In this gloomy mansion full of shades and uncomfortable damps to seize the soul,—see, the light and easy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive it is now, how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions, how deeply it is smitten with a sense and with a love of virtue! Could we, in this crisis, whilst the empire of reason and religion lasts, and the heart is thus exercised with wisdom, and busied with heavenly contemplations—could we see it naked as it is—stripped of its passions, unspotted by the world, and regardless of its pleasures—we might then safely rest our cause upon this single evidence, and appeal to the most sensual, whether Solomon has not made a just determination here in favour of the house of mourning; not for its own sake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occasion of so much good. Without this end, sorrow, I own, has no use but to shorten a man's days—nor can gravity, with all its

studied solemnity of look and carriage, serve any end but to made one half of the world merry, and impose upon the other.

Sermon ii.

FRAILITY.

The best of men appear sometimes to be strange compounds of contradictory qualities: and, were the accidental oversights and folly of the wisest man,—the failings and imperfections of a religious man,—the hasty acts and passionate words of a meek man; were they to rise up in judgment against them,—and an ill-natured judge be suffered to mark in this manner what has been done amiss—what character so unexceptionable as to be able to stand before him?

Sermon xxxi.

INSENSIBILITY.

It is the fate of mankind, too often, to seem insensible of what they may enjoy at the easiest rate.

Sermon xlii.

UNCERTAINTY.

There is no condition in life so fixed and permanent as to be out of danger, or the reach of change: and we all may depend upon it, that we shall take our turns of wanting and desiring. By how many un-

foreseen causes may riches take wing!—The crowns of princes may be shaken, and the greatest that ever awed the world have experienced what the turn of the wheel can do.—That which hath happened to one man may befall another; and, therefore, that excellent rule of our Saviour's ought to govern us in all our actions,—Whatever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them likewise.—Time and chance happen to all; and the most affluent may be stripped of all, and find his worldly comforts like so many withered leaves dropping from him.

Sermon xli.

THE DEAD ASS.

And this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead on the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting on a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its

bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them—and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

—He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Jago, in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money—the mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him.—The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and, upon this, told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and they had neither scarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least in the loss of the poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive—but now he is dead, I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the

poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself— Did we love each other as this poor soul but loved his ass—'twould be something.

Sentimental Journey.

HUMOURING IMMORAL APPETITES.

The humouring of certain appetites, where morality is not concerned, seems to be the means by which the Author of nature intended to sweeten this journey of life,—and bear us up under the many shocks and hard jostlings, which we are sure to meet with in our way. And a man might, with as much reason, muffle up himself against sunshine and fair weather,—and at other times expose himself naked to the inclemencies of cold and rain, as debar himself of the innocent delights of his nature, for affected reserve and melancholy.

It is true, on the other hand, our passions are apt to grow upon us by indulgence, and become exorbitant, if they are not kept under exact discipline, that by way of caution and prevention, 'twere better, at certain times, to affect some degree of needless reserve, than hazard any ill consequences from the other extreme.

Sermoa XXXVII.

UNITY.

Look into private life—behold how good and pleasant a thing it is to live together in unity;—it is like the precious ointment poured upon the head of Aaron, that run down to his skirts; importing that this balm of life is felt and enjoyed, not only by governors of kingdoms, but is derived down to the lowest rank of life, and tasted in the most private recesses;—all, from the king to the peasant, are refreshed with its blessings, without which we can find no comfort in any thing this world can give.—It is this blessing gives every one to sit quietly under his vine, and reap the fruits of his labour and industry:—in one word, which bespeaks who is the bestower of it—it is that only which keeps up the harmony and order of the world, and preserves every thing in it from ruin and confusion.

Sermon xli.

OPPOSITION.

There are secret workings in human affairs, which overrule all human contrivance, and counterplot the wisest of our counsels, in so strange and unexpected a

manner, as to cast a damp upon our best schemes and warmest endeavours.

Sermon xxxix

CAPTAIN SHANDY'S JUSTIFICATION OF
HIS OWN PRINCIPLES AND CONDUCT
IN WISHING TO CONTINUE THE WAR
—WRITTEN TO HIS BROTHER.

I am not insensible, brother Shandy, that when a man, whose profession is arms, wishes, as I have done, for war,—it has an ill aspect to the world;—and that, how just and right soever his motives and intentions may be,—he stands in an uneasy posture in vindicating himself from private views in doing it.

For this cause, if a soldier is a prudent man, which he may be, without being a jot the less brave, he will be sure not to utter his wish in the hearing of an enemy; for, say what he will, an enemy will not believe him.—He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend,—lest he may suffer in his esteem:—But if his heart is overcharged, and a secret sigh for arms must have its vent, he will reserve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his true character to the bottom, and what his true notions, dispositions, and principles of honour are: What, I *hope*, I have been in all these.

brother Shandy, would be unbecoming in me to say ;—much worse, I know, have I been than I ought,—and something worse, perhaps, than I think : but such as I am, you, my dear brother Shandy, who have sucked the same breasts with me,—and with whom I have been brought up from my cradle,—and from whose knowledge, from the first hours of our boyish pastimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and scarce a thought in it—such as I am, brother, you must by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weaknesses too, whether my age, my temper, my passions, or my understanding.

Tell me, then, my dear brother Shandy, upon which of them it is, that when I condemned the peace of Utrecht, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you should think your brother did it upon unworthy views ; or that, in wishing for war, he should be bad enough to wish more of his fellow creatures slain,—more slaves made, and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleasure :—Tell me, brother Shandy, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it ?

If, when I was a school-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with

it—was it my fault? Did I plant the propensity there? Did I sound the alarm within, or Nature?

When Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Parismus and Parismenus, and Valentine and Orson, and the Seven Champions of England were handed around the school,—were they not all purchased with my own pocket-money!—Was that selfish, brother Shandy? When we read over the siege of Troy, which lasted ten years and eight months,—though with such a train of artillery as we had at Namur, the town might have been carried in a week—was I not as much concerned for the Greeks and Trojans as any boy of the whole school? Had I not three strokes of a ferula given me, two on my right hand, and one on my left, for calling Helena a bitch for it? Did any one of you shed more tears for Hector? And when king Priam came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to Troy without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.

—Did that bespeak me cruel? Or, because, brother Shandy, my blood flew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ache for the distresses of war too?

O brother ! 'tis one thing for a soldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to scatter cypress.

—'Tis one thing, brother Shandy, for a soldier to hazard his own life—to leap first down into the trench, where he is sure to be cut in pieces:—'Tis one thing, from public spirit and a thirst of glory, to enter the breach the first man,—to stand in the foremost rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears:—'tis one thing, I say, brother Shandy, to do this;—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miseries of war,—to view the desolations of whole countries, and consider the intolerable fatigues and hardships which the soldier himself, the instrument who works them, is forced (for six-pence a day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear Yorick, as I was by you, in Le Fevre's funeral sermon, *That so soft and gentle a creature, born to love mercy and kindness, as man is, was not shaped for this?* But why did you not add, Yorick,—if not by NATURE,—that he is so by NECESSITY?—For what is war? what is it, Yorick, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of *Liberty*, and upon principles of Honour—what is it, but the

getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds! And Heaven is my witness, brother Shandy, that the pleasure I have taken in these things,—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my sieges in my *bowling-green*, has rose within me, and I hope in the corporal too, from the consciousness we both had, that, in carrying them on, we were answering the great end of our creation.

Tristram Shandy, vol. iii.

MERCY.

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—where just occasions presented, or called it forth,

—I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter;—nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts:—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly with him; my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:—Go,—says he one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught

at last—as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape:—go, poor devil,—get thee gone; why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold thee and me.

* * This is to serve for parents and governors, instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

Tristram Shandy, vol. i.

INDOLENCE.

Inconsistent soul that man is!—languishing under wounds which he has the power to heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reason, that precious gift of God to him, instead of pouring in oil, serving but to sharpen his sensibilities, —to multiply his pains, and render him more melancholy and uneasy under them! —Poor, unhappy creature, that he should do so!—are not the necessary causes of misery in this life enow, but he must add voluntary ones to his stock of sorrow; struggle against evils which cannot be avoided, and submit to others, which a

tenth part of the trouble they create him would remove from his heart for ever?

Tristram Shandy, vol. ii.

CONSOLATION.

Before an affliction is digested, consolation ever comes too soon;—and after it is digested—it comes too late: there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.

Ibid.

THE STARLING.

—Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the *Bastille* is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the *fossé*—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement; and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not a man which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this colloquy, with a voice, which I took to be

of a child, which complained "it could not get out."——I looked up and down the passage, and, seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without farther attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and, looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the starling—God help thee, said I; but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open, without pulling it to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—"No," said the starling—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the *Bastille*; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess! addressing myself to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till NATURE herself shall change—no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent—Grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my com-

panion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

Sentimental Journey.

THE CAPTIVE.

Paris.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me——

——I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen

no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice :—his children——

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed : a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of those little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

Sentimental Journey.

THE DWARF.

I was walking down that lane which leads from the Carousel to the Palais Royal.

and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and helped him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty—Never mind, said I, some good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards the poor, blighted part of my species, who have neither size nor strength to get on in the world.—I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon; and had scarce got seated beside an old French officer at the Opera Comique, ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor, defenceless being of this order had got thrust, somehow or other, into this luckless place—the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on both sides: but the thing

which incommoded him most was, a tall, corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first one side, then the other; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; so he civilly reached up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress—The German turned his head back, looked down upon him as Goliath did upon David—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my monk's little horn-box—And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear monk! so tempered to *bear and forbear*!—how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint!

The old French officer seeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter.—I told him the story in three words; and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife—The German looked back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury sharpened by an insult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of sentiment a party; I could have leaped out of the box to have redressed it—The old French officer did it with much less confusion; for, leaning a little over, and nodding to a sentinel, and pointing at the same time with his finger to the distress—the sentinel made his way to it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance—the thing told itself; so thrusting back the German instantly with his musket—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him—This is noble! said I, clapping my hands together—and yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in England.

In England, dear sir, said I, we all sit at our ease.

The old French officer would have set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance,—by saying it was a bon-mot—and as a bon-mot is always worth some-

thing at Paris, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

Sentimental Journey.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

The corporal——

Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius,—for he was your kinsman :

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness,—for he was your brother.—Oh corporal! had I thee but now,—now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cherish thee! thou shouldst wear thy montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I would purchase thee a couple like it;—but alas! alas! now that I can do this in spite of their reverences—the occasion is lost—for thou art gone;—thy genius fled up to the stars from whence it came; and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open vessels, compressed into a *clod of the valley!*

But what is this—what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military ensigns of thy master—the first—the foremost of created beings; where I shall see thee, faithful servant, laying his sword and scabbard with a trembling hand across *his* coffin, and then turning, pale as

ashes, to the door, to take his mourning horse by the bridle, to follow his hearse, as he directed thee ;—where—all my father's systems shall be baffled by his sorrows ; and, in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold him, as he inspects the lackered plate twice taking his spectacles from off his nose, to wipe away the dew which nature had shed upon them—when I see him cast the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears,—Oh Toby ! in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow.

—Gracious powers ! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain—when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a stinted hand.

Tristram Shandy, vol. iii.

PLEASURES OF OBSERVATION AND STUDY.

—What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on !

—If this won't turn out something—another will—no matter—'tis an essay upon human nature—I get my labour for my pains—'tis enough—the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses, and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren—And so it is; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that were I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections—If I could do no better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to—I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection—I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert: if their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

Sentimental Journey.

SLAVERY.

Consider slavery,—what it is,—how bitter a draught, and how many millions have been made to drink it.—which, if it can

poison all earthly happiness when exercised barely upon our bodies, what must it be, when it comprehends both the slavery of body and mind? To conceive this; look into the history of the Romish church and her tyrants, (or rather executioners,) who seem to have taken pleasure in the pangs and convulsions of their fellow-creatures.

—Examine the Inquisition, hear the melancholy notes sounded in every cell.—Consider the anguish of mock-trials, and the exquisite tortures, consequent thereupon, mercilessly inflicted upon the unfortunate, where the racked and weary soul has so often wished to take its leave, but cruelly not suffered to depart.—Consider how many of these helpless wretches have been hauled from thence, in all periods of this tyrannic usurpation, to undergo the massacres and flames to which a false and bloody religion has condemned them.

—Let us behold him in another light—

If we consider man as a creature full of wants and necessities, (whether real or imaginary,) which he is not able to supply of himself, what a train of disappointments, vexations, and dependencies are to be seen issuing from thence to perplex and make his way uneasy!—How many jostlings and hard struggles do we undergo in mak-

ing our way in the world!—How barbarously held back!—How often and basely overthrown, in aiming only at getting bread?—How many of us never attain it—at least not comfortably,—but from various unknown causes—eat it all our lives long in bitterness!

OPPRESSION VANQUISHED.

I have not been a furlong from Shandy Hall since I wrote to you last—but why is my pen so perverse? I have been to “****”, and my errand was of so peculiar a nature, that I must give you an account of it. You will scarce believe me, when I tell you it was to out-juggle a juggling attorney; to put craft and all its powers to defiance; and to obtain justice from one—who has a heart fell enough to take advantage of the mistakes of honest simplicity, and who has raised a considerable fortune by artifice and injustice. However, I gained my point!—it was a star and garter to me; the matter was as follows:

“A poor man, the father of my Vestal, having by the sweat of his brow, during a course of many laborious years, saved a small sum of money, applied to this scribe to put it out to use for him: this was done, and a bond given for the money —The

honest man, having no place in his cottage which he thought sufficiently secure, put it in a hole in the thatch, which had served instead of a strong box to keep his money. In this situation the bond remained till the time of receiving his interest drew nigh. But, alas! the rain which had done no mischief to his gold, had found out his paper security, and had rotted it to pieces!" It would be a difficult matter to paint the distress of the old countryman upon this discovery;—he came to me weeping, and begged my advice and assistance!—it cut me to the heart!

Frame to yourself the picture of a man upwards of sixty years of age—who having with much penury, and more toil, with the addition of a small legacy, scraped together about fourscore pounds to support him in the infirmities of old age, and to be a little portion for his child when he should be dead and gone—lost his little hoard at once—and, to aggravate his misfortune—by his own neglect and incaution.—“If I was young, sir, (said he,) my affliction would have been light—and I might have obtained it again;—but I have lost my comfort when I most wanted it; my staff is taken from me when I cannot go alone; and I have nothing to expect in future life,

but the unwilling charity of a parish officer." Never in my whole life did I wish to be rich, with so good a grace, as at this time! What a luxury would it have been to have said to this afflicted fellow-creature, "There is thy money—go thy ways—and be at peace."

But, alas! the Shandy family were never much encumbered with money; and I (the poorest of them all) could only assist him with good counsel;—but I did not stop here.

I went myself with him to ****, where, by persuasion, threats, and some art, which (by the by) in such a cause, and with such an opponent, was very justifiable—I sent my poor client back to his home, with his comfort and his bond restored to him. Bravo! Bravo!

If a man has a right to be proud of any thing,—it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

Letter vi. to his Friends.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

It is the mild and quiet half of the world, who are generally outraged and borne down by the other half of it; but in this they have the advantage, whatever be the sense

of their wrongs, that pride stands not so watchful a sentinel over their forgiveness, as it does in the breasts of the fierce and froward; we should all of us, I believe, be more forgiving than we are, would the world but give us leave; but it is apt to interpose its ill offices in remissions, especially of this kind; the truth is, it has its laws, to which the heart is not always a party; and acts so like an unfeeling engine in all cases without distinction, that it requires all the firmness of the most settled humanity to bear up against it. *Sermon xviii.*

HAPPINESS.

The great pursuit of man is after happiness: it is the first and strongest desire of his nature;—in every stage of his life, he searches for it as for hidden treasure; courts it under a thousand different shapes,—and though perpetually disappointed,—still persists, runs after and inquires for it afresh—asks every passenger who comes in his way, *Who will show him any good?* who will assist him in the attainment of it, or direct him to the discovery of this great end of all his wishes?

He is told by one, to search for it among the more gay and youthful pleasures of life, in scenes of mirth and sprightliness, where

happiness ever presides, and is ever to be known by the joy and laughter which he will see at once painted in her looks. A second, with a graver aspect, points out to the costly dwellings which pride and extravagance have erected :—tells the inquirer, that the object he is in search of inhabits there—that happiness lives only in company with the great, in the midst of much pomp and outward state, that he will easily find her out by the coat of many colours she has on, and the great luxury and expense of equipage and furniture with which she always sits surrounded.

The miser blesses God!—wonders how any one would mislead and wilfully put him upon so wrong a scent—convinces him that happiness and extravagance never inhabited under, the same roof; that, if he would not be disappointed in his search, he must look into the plain and thrifty dwellings of the prudent man, who knows and understands the worth of money, and cautiously lays it up against an evil hour : that it is not the prostitution of wealth upon the passions, or the parting with it at all, that constitutes happiness—but that it is the keeping it together, and the having and holding it fast to him and his heirs for ever, which

are the chief attributes that form this great idol of human worship, to which so much incense is offered up every day.

The epicure, though he easily rectifies so gross a mistake, yet at the same time he plunges him, if possible, into a greater; for hearing the object of his pursuit to be happiness, and knowing of no other happiness than what is seated immediately in his senses—he sends the inquirer there; tells him 'tis vain to search elsewhere for it, than where Nature herself has placed it—in the indulgence and gratification of the appetites, which are given us for that end; and, in a word—if he will not take his opinion in the matter—he may trust the word of a much wiser man, who has assured us—that there is nothing better in this world, than that a man should eat and drink, and rejoice in his works, and make his soul enjoy good in labour: for that is his portion.

To rescue him from this brutal experiment—Ambition takes him by the hand, and carries him into the world,—shows him all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them,—points out the many ways of advancing his fortune, and raising himself to honour,—lays before his eyes all the charms and bewitching temptations of pow-

er, and asks, if there can be any happiness in this world like that of being caressed, courted, flattered, and followed.

To close all, the philosopher meets him bustling in the full career of his pursuit—stops him—tells him, if he is in search of happiness, he is far gone out of his way. That this deity has long been banished from noise and tumults, where there was no rest found for her, and was fled into solitude far from all commerce of the world; and, in a word, if he would find her, he must leave this busy and intriguing scene, and go back to that peaceful scene of retirement and books, from which he at first set out.

In this circle too often does a man run, tries all experiments, and generally sits down wearied and dissatisfied with them all at last—in utter despair of ever accomplishing what he wants—nor knowing what to trust to after so many disappointments; or where to lay the fault, whether in the incapacity of his own nature, or in the insufficiency of the enjoyments themselves.

Sermon i.

TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

My heart stops me to pay thee, my dear uncle Toby, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodness; here let me thrust my cheek

aside, and kneel down upon the ground, whilst I am pouring forth the warmest sentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's bosom.—Peace and comfort rest for ever more upon thy head!—Thou enviedst no man's comforts, insultedst no man's opinions.—Thou blackenedst no man's character,—devouredst no man's bread; gently, with faithful Trim behind thee, didst thou amble round the little circle of thy pleasures, jostling no creature in the way:—for each one's sorrows thou hadst a tear,—for each man's need thou hadst a shilling. Whilst I am worth one, to pay a weeder,—thy path from thy door to thy bowling-green shall never be grown up—Whilst there is a rood and a half of land in the Shandy family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle Toby, shall never be demolished.

Tristram Shandy, vol. ii.

POWER OF SLIGHT INCIDENTS.

It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind;—and what incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things—that trifles, light as air, shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immove-

able within it, that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it.

Tristram Shandy, vol. ii.

CROSSES IN LIFE.

Many, many are the ups and downs of life: fortune must be uncommonly gracious to that mortal who does not experience a great variety of them;—though perhaps to these may be owing as much of our pleasures as our pains; there are scenes of delight in the vale as well as in the mountain; and the inequalities of nature may not be less necessary to please the eye—than the varieties of life to improve the heart. At best, we are but a short-sighted race of beings, with just light enough to discern our way.—To do that is our duty, and should be our care; when a man has done this, he is safe; the rest is of little consequence——

Cover his head with a turf or a stone,
It is all one, it is all one!

Letter iv. to his Friends

THE CONTRAST.

Things are carried on in this world sometimes so contrary to all our reasonings, and the seeming probability of success,—

that even the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;—nay, what is stranger still, nor yet bread to the wise, who should least stand in want of it,—nor yet riches to the men of understanding, whom you would think best qualified to acquire them,—nor yet favour to men of skill, whose merit and pretences bid the fairest for it,—but that there are some secret and unseen workings in human affairs, which baffle all our endeavours, and turn aside the course of things in such a manner,—that the most likely causes disappoint and fail of producing for us the effect which we wish, and naturally expected from them.

You will see a man, of whom were you to form a conjecture from the appearance of things in his favour,—you would say, was setting out in the world with the fairest prospect of making his fortune in it;—with all the advantages of birth to recommend him, of personal merit to speak for him,—and of friends to push him forwards: you will behold him, notwithstanding this, disappointed in every effect you might naturally have looked for from them; every step he takes towards his advancement, something invisible shall pull him back, some unforeseen obstacle shall rise up per-

petually in his way, and keep there.—In every application he makes—some untoward circumstance shall blast it.—He shall rise early,—late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness,—yet some happier man shall rise up, and ever step in before him, and leave him struggling to the end of his life, in the very same place in which he first began.

The history of a second shall in all respects be the contrast to this. He shall come into the world with the most unpromising appearance,—shall set forward without fortune, without friends—without talents to procure him either the one or the other. Nevertheless you will see this clouded prospect brighten up insensibly, unaccountably before him; every thing presented in his way shall turn out beyond his expectations, in spite of that chain of unsurmountable difficulties which first threatened him,—time and chance shall open him a way,—a series of successful occurrences shall lead him by the hand to the summit of honour and fortune; and, in a word, without giving him the pains of thinking, or the credit of projecting, it shall place him in a safe possession of all that ambition could wish for.

Sermon VIII.

SELFISHNESS AND MEANNESS.

That there are selfishness and meanness enough in the souls of one part of the world, to hurt the credit of the other part of it, is what I shall not dispute against; but to judge of the whole from this bad sample, and because one man is plotting, and artful in his nature;—or, a second openly makes his pleasure or his profit the whole centre of all his designs;—or, because a third strait-hearted wretch sits confined within himself,—feels no misfortunes, but those which touch himself: to involve the whole race without mercy under such detested characters, is a conclusion as false as it is pernicious; and were it in general to gain credit, could serve no end, but the rooting out of our nature all that is generous, and planting in the stead of it such an aversion to each other, as must untie the bands of society, and rob us of one of the greatest pleasures of it, the mutual communications of kind offices; and by poisoning the fountain, rendering every thing suspected that flows through it.

*Sermon vii.***VICE NOT WITHOUT USE.**

The lives of bad men are not without use,—and whenever such a one is drawn,

not with a corrupt view to be admired,—but on purpose to be detested—it must excite such a horror against vice, as will strike indirectly the same good impression. And though it is painful to the last degree to paint a man in the shades which his vices have cast upon him, yet, when it serves this end, it carries its own excuse with it.

Sermon ix.

YORICK'S OPINION OF GRAVITY.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say, that gravity was an arrant scoundrel; and, he would add, of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelve-month, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, there was no danger,—but to itself:—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;—'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions,—it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it,

—A magnificent carriage of the body to cover the defects of the man.

(Trembling, and with a look of pain.)

THE INTERRUPTION.

When my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother Hobby's death, he was busy calculating the expense of his riding post from Calais to Paris, and so on to Lyons.

'Twas a most inauspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it, by Obadiah's opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeast—and to ask whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning, and ride in search of some.—With all my heart, Obadiah, said my father (pursuing his journey)—take the coach-horse, and welcome.—But he wants a shoe, poor creature! said Obadiah.—Poor creature! said my uncle Toby, vibrating the note back again, like a string in unison. Then ride the Scotch horse, quoth my father hastily.—He cannot bear a saddle upon his back, quoth Obadiah, for the whole world.—The devil's re

that horse ; then take Patriot, cried my father ; and shut the door.—Patriot is sold, said Obadiah. Here's for you ! cried my father, making a pause, and looking in my uncle Toby's face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.—Your worship ordered me to sell him last April, said Obadiah.—Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father—I had much rather walk than ride, said Obadiah, shutting the door.

What plagues ! cried my father, going on with his calculation.—But the waters are out, said Obadiah, opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of Sanson's, and a book of the post-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compasses, with one foot of them fixed upon Nevers, the last stage he had paid for—purposing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as soon as Obadiah quitted the room : but this second attack of Obadiah's, in opening the door, and laying the whole country under water, was too much.—He let go his compasses—or rather, with a mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table : and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to Ca-

lais, (like many others,) as wise as he had set out.

Tristram Shandy, vol. iii.

REFLECTION UPON MAN.

When I reflect upon man, and take a view of that dark side of him which represents his life as open to so many causes of trouble—when I consider how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance—when one runs over the catalogue of all the cross reckonings and sorrowful items with which the heart of man is over-charged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden resources the mind is enabled to stand it out, and bear itself up, as it does, against the impositions laid upon our nature.

Ibid. vol. ii.

EJACULATION.

Time wastes too fast; every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear Jenny, than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—every thing presses on—whilst thou art twisting that lock,—see! it grows gray; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence

which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.

Tristram Shandy, vol. iv.

LIFE OF MAN.

What is the life of man ! Is it not to shift from side to side ?—from sorrow to sorrow ?—to button up one cause of vexation, —and unbutton another ?

Ibid. vol. ii.

TRIM'S EXPLANATION OF THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

———Pr'ythee, Trim, quoth my father, What dost thou mean by *honouring thy father and thy mother* ?

Allowing them, an't please your honour, three half-pence a day out of my pay when they grow old.—And didst thou do that, Trim ? said Yorick.—He did, indeed, replied my uncle Toby—Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue ; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst a hand in the Talmud itself.

Ibid. vol. iii.

HEALTH.

O blessed health ! thou art above all gold and treasure ; 'tis thou who enlargest

the soul,—and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue.—He that has thee has little more to wish for ! and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

Tristram Shandy, vol. iii.

SOLITUDE.

Crowded towns and busy societies may delight the unthinking, and the gay—but solitude is the best nurse of wisdom.

In solitude the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself : in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one—the flattery of a second—the civilities of a third—the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to retirement, reflection, and books.

Letter lxxii.

FLATTERY.

Delicious essence ! how refreshing art thou to nature ! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side ! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart.

Sentimental Journey.

FORGIVENESS.

The brave only know how to forgive ;—it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at.—Cowards have done good and kind actions,—cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes, even conquered ; but a coward never forgave.—It is not in his nature ;—the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

Sermon xli.

FAVOURS.

In returning favours, we act differently from what we do in conferring them : in the one case, we simply consider what is best,—in the other, what is most acceptable. The reason is, that we have a right to act according to our own ideas of what will do the party most good, in the case where we bestow a favour ;—but where we return one, we lose this right, and act according to his conceptions who has obliged us, and endeavour to repay in such a manner as we think it most likely to be accepted in discharge of the obligation.

Sermon xlii.

RUSTIC FELICITY.

Many are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant, who rises cheerfully to his labour :—look into his dwelling,—where the scene of every happiness chiefly lies :—he has the same domestic endearments,—as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well,—to enliven his hours and glad his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent station. —And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were to be balanced with those of his betters,—that the upshot would prove to be little more than this,—that the rich man had the more meat,—but the poor man the better stomach ; the one had more luxury, —more able physicians to attend and set him to rights ;—the other more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help ; that, after these two articles betwixt them were balanced,—in all other things they stood upon a level :—that the sun shines as warm,—the air blows as fresh,—and the earth breathes as fragrant upon the one as the other ; and that they have an equal share in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

Sermon xliv.

DIFFERENCE IN MEN.

Poverty, exile, loss of fame or friends, the death of children, the dearest of all pledges of a man's happiness, make not equal impressions upon every temper.— You will see one man undergo, with scarce the expense of a sigh, what another, in the bitterness of his soul, would go mourning for all his life long:—nay, a hasty word, or an unkind look, to a soft and tender nature, will strike deeper than a sword to the hardened and senseless.—If those reflections hold true with regard to misfortunes,—they are the same with regard to enjoyments:—we are formed differently, —and have different tastes and perceptions of things; by the force of habit, education, or a particular cast of mind,—it happens that neither the use or possession of the same enjoyments and advantages produce the same happiness and contentment;— but that it differs in every man almost according to his temper and complexion: so that the self-same happy accidents in life, which give raptures to the choleric or sanguine man, shall be received with indifference by the cold and phlegmatic;—and so oddly perplexed are the accounts of both human happiness and misery in this world

—that trifles, light as air, shall be able to make the hearts of some men sing for joy ; —at the same time that others, with real blessings and advantages, without the power of using them, have their hearts heavy and discontented.

Alas ! if the principles of contentment are not within us—the height of station or worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.

Sermon xliiv.

AGAINST HASTY OPINION.

There are numbers of circumstances which attend every action of a man's life, which can never come to the knowledge of the world,—yet ought to be known, and well weighed, before sentence, with any justice, can be passed upon him.—A man may have different views, and a different sense of things from what his judges have ; and what he understands and feels, and what passes within him, may be a secret treasured up deeply there for ever.—A man, through bodily infirmity, or some complexional defect, which, perhaps, it is not in his power to correct, may be subject to inadvertencies,—to starts,—and unhappy turns of temper ; he may lie open to snares he is not always aware of ; or, through ig-

—some good circumstances, which, if wisely extracted, are sufficient for the purpose he wants them—that is, to make him contented, and, if not happy, at least resigned.

Sermon XV.

EVILS.

Unwillingly does the mind digest the evils prepared for it by others ;—for those we prepare ourselves,—we eat but the fruit which we have planted and watered :—a shattered fortune,—a shattered frame, so we have but the satisfaction of shattering them ourselves, pass naturally enough into the habit, and, by the ease with which they are both done, they save the spectator a world of pity : but for those, like Jacob's, brought upon him by the hands from which he looked for all his comforts,—the avarice of a parent,—the unkindness of a relation,—the ingratitude of a child, they are evils which leave a scar ; besides, as they hang over the heads of all, and therefore may fall upon any ;—every looker-on has an interest in the tragedy ;—but then we are apt to interest ourselves no otherwise, than merely as the incidents themselves strike our passions, without carrying the lesson further :—in a word—we real-

ize nothing :—we sigh—we wipe away the tear,—and there ends the story of misery, and the moral with it. *Sermon xxii.*

OPPRESSION.

Solomon says, Oppression will make a wise man mad.—What will it do, then, to a tender and ingenuous heart, which feels itself neglected,—too full of reverence for the author of its wrongs to complain?—See, it sits down in silence, robbed, by discouragements, of all its natural powers to please,—born to see others loaded with caresses—in some uncheery corner it nourishes its discontent, and with a weight upon its spirits, which its little stock of fortitude is not able to withstand,—It droops and pines away.—Sad victim of caprice!

Sermon xxii

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Whoever considers the state and condition of human nature, and, upon this view, how much stronger the natural motives are to virtue than to vice, would expect to find the world much better than it is, or ever has been ;—for who would suppose the generality of mankind to betray so much folly, as to act against the common interest

of their own kind, as every man does who yields to the temptation of what is wrong?

Sermon xxxiii.

WISDOM.

There is no project to which the whole race of mankind is so universally a bubble, as to that of being thought wise: and the affectation of it is so visible, in men of all complexions, that you every day see some one or other so very solicitous to establish the character, as not to allow himself leisure to do the things which fairly win it:—expending more art and stratagem to appear so in the eyes of the world, than what would suffice to make him so in truth.

It is owing to the force of this desire, that you see, in general, there is no injury touches a man so sensibly, as an insult upon his parts and capacity: tell a man of other defects, that he wants learning, industry or application,—he will hear your reproof with patience.—Nay, you may go farther; take him in a proper season, you may tax his morals, you may tell him he is irregular in his conduct,—passionate or revengeful in his nature,—loose in his principles;—deliver it with the gentleness of a friend,—possibly he will not only bear with you,—but, if ingenuous, he will

thank you for your lecture, and promise a reformation :—but hint,—hint but a defect in his intellectuals,—touch but that sore place,—from that moment you are locked upon as an enemy sent to torment him before his time, and in return may reckon upon his resentment and ill-will for ever : so that, in general, you will find it safer to tell a man he is a knave than a fool,—and stand a better chance of being forgiven, for proving he has been wanting in a point of common honesty, than a point of common sense.—Strange souls that we are ! as if to live well was not the greatest argument of wisdom ;—and as if what reflected upon our morals did not most of all reflect upon our understandings !

Sermon xxvi.

CORPORAL TRIM'S REFLECTIONS ON
DEATH.

My young master in London is dead ! said Obadiah. A green satin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Susannah's head. Then, quoth Susannah, we must all go into mourning—Oh ! 'twill be the death of my poor mistress, cried Susannah.—My mother's whole wardrobe followed—~~What a~~

Trim, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch-water—and that the radical heat, of those who can go to the expense of it, is burnt brandy—the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an' please your honours, is nothing but ditch-water—and a dram of Geneva—and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us spirits, and drive away the vapours—we know not what it is to fear death.

I am at a loss, Captain Shandy, quoth Doctor Slop, to determine in which branch of learning your servant shines most, whether in physiology or divinity.—Slop had not forgot Trim's comment upon the sermon.

It is but an hour ago, replied Yorick, since the corporal was examined in the latter, and passed muster with great honour.

The radical heat and moisture, quoth Doctor Slop, turning to my father, you must know, is the basis and foundation of our being—as the root of a tree is the source and principle of its vegetation, it is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways, but principally, in my opinion, by *consubstantials*, *impriments*, and *occludents*.——Now this poor fellow, continued Doctor Slop, pointing to the corporal, has had the misfortune

to have heard some superficial empiric discourse upon this nice point.—That he has, said my father.—Very likely, said my uncle.—I'm sure of it, quoth Yorick.—
Tristram Shandy, vol. iii.

SOCIETY.

Notwithstanding all we meet with in books, in many of which, no doubt, there are a good many handsome things said upon the sweets of retirement, &c.—yet still "*it is not good for man to be alone*:" nor can all which the cold-hearted pedant stuns our ears with upon the subject, ever give one answer of satisfaction to the mind; in the midst of the loudest vauntings of philosophy, Nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship;—a good heart wants some object to be kind to—and the best parts of our blood, and the purest of our spirits, suffer most under the destitution.

Let the torpid monk seek heaven comfortless and alone—God speed him! For my own part, I fear, I should never so find the way: let me be wise and religious—but let me be man: wherever thy providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to get to thee—give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, how our shadows lengthen as the sun

goes down ;—to whom I may say, How fresh is the face of Nature ! How sweet the flowers of the field ! How delicious are these fruits !

Sermon xviii.

DISSATISFACTION.

I pity the men whose natural pleasures are burdens, and who fly from joy (as these splenetic and morose souls do) as if it was really an evil in itself.

Sermon xxii.

SORROW AND HEAVINESS OF HEART.

If there is an evil in this world, 'tis sorrow and heaviness of heart—The loss of goods,—of health, of coronets and mitres, are only evils as they occasion sorrow ;—take that out—the rest is fancy, and dwelleth only in the head of man.

Poor, unfortunate creature that he is ! as if the causes of anguish in the heart were not enow—but he must fill up the measure with those of caprice ; and not only walk in a vain shadow,—but disquiet himself in vain too.

We are a restless set of beings ; and as we are likely to continue so to the end of the world,—the best we can do in it, is to make the same use of this part of our character, which wise men do of other bad propensities—when they find they cannot con-

quer them,—they endeavour, at least, to divert them into good channels.

If therefore we must be a solicitous race of self-tormentors, let us drop the common objects which make us so,—and, for God's sake, be solicitous only to live we l.

Sermon xxix.

ROOTED OPINION NOT EASILY
ERADICATED.

How difficult you will find it to convince a miserly heart, that any thing is good which is not profitable ! or a libertine one, that any thing is bad, which is pleasant !

Sermon xxiii.

DEATH.

There are many instances of men, who have received the news of death with the greatest ease of mind, and even entertained the thoughts of it with smiles upon their countenances ;—and this, either from strength of spirits and the natural cheerfulness of their temper,—or that they knew the world, and cared not for it—or expected a better—yet thousands of good men, with all the helps of philosophy, and against all the assurances of a well-spent life, that the change must be to their account,—upon the approach of death, have still lean-

ed towards this world, and wanted spirits and resolution to bear the shock of a separation from it for ever

Sermon xviii.

SORROW.

Sweet is the look of sorrow for an offence, in a heart determined never to commit it more!—upon that altar only could I offer up my wrongs.

Sermon xviii.

SIMPLICITY.

Simplicity is the great friend to nature, and if I would be proud of any thing in this silly world, it should be of this honest alliance.

Sermon xxiv.

COVETOUSNESS.

To know truly what it is, we must know what masters it serves;—they are many, and of various casts and humours,—and each one lends it something of its own complexional tint and character

This, I suppose, may be the cause that there is a greater and more whimsical mystery in the love of money, than in the darkest and most nonsensical problem that ever was pored on.

Even at the best, and when the passion seems to seek something more than its own amusement,—there is little—very little, 1

fear, to be said for its humanity.—It may be a sport to the miser,—but consider,—it must be death and destruction to others.—The moment this sordid humour begins to govern—farewell all honest and natural affection! farewell, all he owes to parents, to children, to friends!—how fast the obligations vanish! see—he is now stripped of all feelings whatever: the shrill cry of justice—and the low lamentation of humble distress, are notes equally beyond his compass.—Eternal God! see!—he passes by one whom thou hast just bruised, without one pensive reflection:—he enters the cabin of the widow whose husband and child thou hast taken to thyself,—exacts his bond, without a sigh!—Heaven! if I am to be tempted—let it be by glory,—by ambition,—by some generous and manly vice: if I must fall, let it be by some passion which thou hast planted in my nature, which shall not harden my heart, but leave me room at last to retreat, and come back to thee!

Sermon xix.

HUMILITY.

He that is little in his own eyes, is little too in his desires, and consequently moderate in his pursuit of them: like another man, he may fall in his attempts and lose

the point he aimed at;—but that is all,—he loses not himself,—he loses not his happiness and peace of mind with it:—even the contentions of the humble man are mild and placid.—Blessed characters! when such a one is thrust back, who does not pity him? when he falls, who would not stretch out a hand to raise him up?

Sermon XIV.

PATIENCE AND CONTENTMENT.

Patience and Contentment,—which, like the treasure hid in the field, for which a man sold all he had to purchase—is of that price that it cannot be had at too great a purchase, since without it the best condition in life cannot make us happy,—and with it, it is impossible we should be miserable even in the worst.

Sermon XV.

HUMILITY CONTRASTED WITH PRIDE.

When we reflect upon the character of Humility,—we are apt to think it stands the most naked and defenceless of all virtues whatever,—the least able to support its claims against the insolent antagonist who seems ready to bear him down, and all opposition which such a temper can make.

Now, if we consider him as standing alone,—no doubt, in such a case, he will

be overpowered and trampled upon by his opposer ;—but if we consider the meek and lowly man, as he is—fenced and guarded by the love, the friendship, and wishes of all mankind,—that the other stands alone, hated, discountenanced, without one true friend or hearty well-wisher on his side :—when this is balanced, we shall have reason to change our opinion, and be convinced that the humble man, strengthened with such an alliance, is far from being so over-matched as at first sight he may appear :—nay, I believe one might venture to go further, and engage for it, that in all such cases where real fortitude and true personal courage were wanted, he is much more likely to give proof of it ; and I would sooner look for it in such a temper than in that of his adversary. Pride may make a man violent,—but Humility will make him firm :—and which of the two do you think likely to come off with honour ?—he who acts from the changeable impulse of heated blood, and follows the uncertain motions of his pride and fury ;—or the man who stands cool and collected in himself ;—who governs his resentments, instead of being governed by them, and on every occasion acts upon the steady motives of principle and duty ?

STERNES ZZZ.

With regard to the provocations and offences, which are unavoidably happening to a man in his commerce with the world, —take it as a rule, as a man's pride is, —so is always his displeasure ; as the opinion of himself rises, —so does the injury, —so does his resentment : 'tis this which gives edge and force to the instrument which has struck him, —and excites that heat in the wound which renders it incurable.

See how different the case is with the humble man : one half of these painful conflicts he actually escapes ; the other part falls lightly on him : he provokes no man by contempt ; thrusts himself forward as the mark of no man's envy ; so that he cuts off the first fretful occasions of the greatest part of these evils ; and for those in which the passions of others would involve him, like the humble shrub in the valley, gently gives way, and scarce feels the injury of those stormy encounters which rend the proud cedar, and tear it up by its roots.

Sermon XIV.

BEAUTY.

Beauty has so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it ; and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habit-

tation of a virtuous soul, when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the heart and wisdom of the great Creator, something may be allowed it,—and something to the embellishments which set it off;—and yet, when the whole apology is read,—it will be found, at last, that Beauty, like Truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.

Sermon xxiv.

WISDOM.

Lessons of wisdom have never such power over us, as when they are wrought into the heart through the ground-work of a story which engages the passions: is it that we are like iron, and must first be heated before we can be wrought upon? or, is the heart so in love with deceit, that where a true report will not reach it, we must cheat it with a fable, in order to come at the truth?

Sermon xx.

HUNGER.

Of all the terrors of nature, that of one day or other dying by hunger, is the greatest; and it is wisely wove into our frame to awaken man to industry, and call forth his talents; and though we seem to go on

carelessly, sporting with it as we do with other terrors,—yet, he that sees this enemy fairly, and in his most frightful shape, will need no long remonstrance to make him turn out of the way to avoid him.

Sermon XX.

DISTRESS.

Nothing so powerfully calls home the mind as distress: the tense fibre then relaxes,—the soul retires to itself,—sits pensive and susceptible of right impressions. If we have a friend, 'tis then we think of him; if a benefactor, at that moment all his kindnesses press upon our mind.

Sermon XX.

IMPOSTURE.

What a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us! who would divine that—that anxiety and concern, so visible in the airs of one half of that great assembly, should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts, and conduct? What a noise amongst the claimants about it! Behold Humility, out of mere pride;—and Honesty, almost out of knavery:—Chastity never once in harm's way; and Courage, like a Spanish

soldier upon an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.

Hark! that, the sound of that trumpet,—let not my soldier run,—it is some good Christian giving alms. O, Pity! thou gentlest of human passions! soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with so loud an instrument.

Thus something jars, and will for ever jar in these cases.

Imposture is all dissonance, let what master soever of it undertake the part: let him harmonize and modulate another; and one tone will contradict another; and whilst we have ears to hear, we shall distinguish it: 'tis truth only which is consistent, and ever in harmony with itself: it sits upon our lips, like the natural notes of some melodies, ready to drop out, whether we will or no;—it racks no invention to let ourselves alone, and needs fear no critic, to have the same excellency in the heart, which appears in the action. *Sermon xvii.*

CONTENTMENT.

There is scarce any lot so low, but there is something in it to satisfy the man whom it has befallen; Providence having ordered things, that in every man's cup, however bitter soever, there are some cordial dr

ignorance and want of information and proper helps, he may labour in the dark :—in all which cases he may do many things which are wrong in themselves, and yet be innocent ;—at least an object rather to be pitied, than censured with severity and ill-will. —These are difficulties which stand in every one's way in the forming a judgment of the characters of others. *Sermon xliiv.*

VANITY.

Vanity bids all her sons to be generous and brave, and her daughters to be chaste and courteous.—But why do we want her instructions ? Ask the comedian, who is taught a part he feels not. *Sermon xvii.*

AFFECTED HONESTY.

Look out of your door,—take notice of that man : see what disquieting, intriguing and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing—three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble—alas ! he has them not.— *Sermon xvii.*

AFFECTED PIETY.

Behold a second, under a show of piety, hiding the impurities of a debauched life. —he is just entering the house of God.

would he were more pure—or less pious ;
—but then he could not gain his point.

Sermon xvii.

AFFECTED SANCTITY.

Observe a third going on almost in the same track: with what an inflexible sanctitude of deportment he sustains himself as he advances—every line in his face writes abstinence;—every stride looks like a check upon his desires: see, I beseech you, how he is cloaked up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armour at least—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide, to the danger of its rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret—and what is that?—That the saint has no religion at all.

Sermon xvii

OSTENTATIOUS GENEROSITY.

—But here comes Generosity;—giving—not to a decayed artist—but to the arts and sciences themselves,——See!—he builds not a chamber on the wall apart for the prophet; but whole schools and colleges for those who come after. Lord! how

they will magnify his name ! 'tis in capitals already ; the first, the highest, in the gilded rent-roll of every hospital and asylum.

—One honest tear, shed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

Sermon xvii

OPINION.

We are perpetually in such engagements and situations, that 'tis our duties to speak what our opinions are—but God forbid that this should ever be done but from its best motive—the sense of what is due to virtue, governed by discretion, and the utmost fellow-feeling : were we to go on otherwise, beginning with the great broad cloak of hypocrisy, and so down through all its little trimmings and facings, tearing away without mercy all that looked seemly,—we should leave but a tattered world of it.

Sermon xvii.

DEFAMATION.

Does humanity clothe and educate the unknown orphan ?—Poverty, thou hast no genealogies ;—See ! is he not the father of the child ? Thus do we rob heroes of the best part of their glory—their virtue Take away the motive of the act, you take away all that is worth having in it —

wrest it to ungenerous ends, you load the virtuous man who did it with infamy :—undo it all—I beseech you, give him back his honour,—restore the jewel you have taken from him—replace him in the eye of the world—

It is too late.

Sermon xvii.

RELIGION.

There are no principles but those of religion to be depended on in cases of real distress ; and these are able to encounter the worst emergencies, and to bear us up, under all the changes and chances to which our life is subject.

Sermon iv.

ELOQUENCE.

Great is the power of eloquence ; but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears.

Sermon xx.

GENEROSITY.

Generosity sorrows as much for the over-matched, as Pity herself does. *Sermon xx.*

CORPORAL TRIM'S DEFINITION OF RADICAL HEAT AND MOISTURE.

I infer, an' please your worship, replied

procession! her red damask,—her orange tawny,—her white and yellow lustrings,—her brown taffeta,—her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns,—and comfortable under-petticoats.—Not a rag was left behind.—No,—she will never look up again, said Susannah.

We had a fat, foolish scullion—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity;—she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.—He is dead!—said Obadiah, he is certainly dead!—So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

—Here is sad news, Trim! cried Susannah, wiping her eyes, as Trim stepped into the kitchen.—Master Bobby is dead and buried,—the funeral was an interpolation of Susannah's—we shall have all to go into mourning, said Susannah.

I hope not, said Trim!—You hope not! cried Susannah earnestly.—The mourning ran not into Trim's head, whatever it did in Susannah's.—I hope—said Trim, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true.—I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered Obadiah. Oh! he's dead, said Susannah.—As sure, said the scullion, as I am alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my

soul, said Trim, fetching a sigh—Poor creature!—poor boy!—poor gentleman!

—He was alive last Whitsuntide, said the coachman.—Whitsuntide! alas! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan, (for that was the coachman's name,) or Shrovetide, or any tide, or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—and are we not—(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment!—'Twas infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears.—We are not stocks and stones.—Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted.—The foolish, fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

—To us, Jonathan, who know not what want or care is,—who live here in the service of two of the best of masters—(bating in my own case his majesty, King William III., whom I had the honour to serve both in Ireland and Flanders)—I own it, that from Whitsuntide to within three weeks of

Christmas,—'tis like nothing ;—but to those, Jonathan, who know what death is, and what havoc and destruction he can make, before a man can wheel about,—'tis like a whole age.—O Jonathan ! 'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed, to consider (continued the corporal, standing perpendicularly) how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time !—And trust me, Susy, added the corporal, turning to Susannah, whose eyes were swimming in water—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim. Susannah placed it to the right side of the page—she wept—but she courtesied too. Are we not, continued Trim, looking still at Susannah,—are we not like a flower of the field—a tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation—else no tongue could have described Susannah's affliction—is not all flesh grass ? 'Tis clay,—'tis dirt.—They all looked directly at the scullion,—the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle—It was not fair.

—What is the finest face that ever man looked at !—I could hear Trim talk so for ever, cried Susannah—what is it ! (Susannah laid her hand upon Trim's shoulder)—but corruption ? Susannah took it off.

—Now I love you for this—and 'tis the delicious mixture within you, which makes you, dear creatures, what you are—And he who hates you for it—all I can say of the matter is—that he has either a pumpkin for his head—or a pippin for his heart, and whenever he is dissected, it will be found so.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all :—not this . . . added the corporal, snapping his fingers, —but with an air which no one but the corporal could have given to the sentiment. —In battle, I value death not this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor Joe Gibbins, in scouring his gun.—What is he? A pull of a trigger—a push of a bayonet an inch this way or that—makes the difference. Look along the line—to the right—see! Jack's down! well,—'tis worth a regiment of horse to him. No—'tis Dick. Then Jack's no worse. Never mind which,—we pass on,—in hot pursuit, the wound itself which brings him is not felt,—the best way is to stand up to him; the man who flies is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws. I've looked him, added the corporal, a hundred times in the face,—and know what he is. He's nothing, Obadiah,

at all in the field.—But he's very frightful in a house, quoth Obadiah.—I never mind it myself, said Jonathan, upon a coach-box.

I pity my mistress.—She will never get the better of it, cried Susannah.—Now I pity the captain the most of any one in the family, answered Trim.—Madam will get ease of heart in weeping, and the 'squire in talking about it,—but my poor master will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for Lieutenant Le Fevre. An' please your honour, do not sigh so piteously, I would say to him, as I laid beside him. I cannot help it, Trim, my master would say,—'tis so melancholy an accident—I cannot get it off my heart.—Your honour fears not death yourself.—I hope, Trim, I fear nothing, he would say, but the doing a wrong thing.—Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of Le Fevre's boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his honour would fall asleep.

I like to hear Trim's stories about the captain, said Susannah.—He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said Obadiah, as ever lived.—Ay,—and as brave a one too, said the corporal, as ever slept before a

platoon. There never was a better officer in the king's army, or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole,—and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people.—He would not hurt a chicken.—I would sooner, quoth Jonathan, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year—than some for eight.—Thank thee, Jonathan! for thy twenty shillings,—as much, Jonathan, said the corporal, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.—I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me,—and could I be sure my poor brother Tom was dead,—continued the corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—were I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the captain.—Trim could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master. The whole kitchen was affected.

Tristram Shandy, vol. iii.

**MR. SHANDY'S RESIGNATION FOR THE
LOSS OF HIS SON.**

Philosophy has a fine saying for every thing—For Death it has an entire set.

"'Tis an inevitable chance—the first statute of Magna Charta—it is, an everlasting act of parliament—*All must die.*

"Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring with us.

"To die is the great debt and tribute due unto nature : tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves ; and the proudest pyramid of them all, which wealth and science have erected, has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon—Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods ? and when those principles and powers, which at first cemented and put them together, have performed their several revolutions, they fall back.

"Where is Troy, and Mycenæ, and Thebes, and Delos, and Persepolis, and Agrigentum ? What is become of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cyzicum, and Mitylene ? The fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon are now no more : the names only are left, and those [for many of them are wrong spelt] are falling themselves by piece-meal to decay, and in length of time will be forgotten, and involved with every thing in a perpetual night : the world itself must—must come to an end.

“Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyraeus on the right hand, Corinth on the left. —What flourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence. Remember, said I to myself again—remember thou art a man.

“My son is dead!—so much the better; —’tis a shame in such a tempest to have but one anchor.

“But he is gone for ever from us!—be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald—he is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited—from a banquet before he had got drunken.

“The Thracians wept when a child was born—and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world; and with reason. Death opens the gate of fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it—it unlooses the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman’s task into another man’s hands.

“Show me the man who knows what

life is, who dreads it, and I'll show thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty."

CONTENTMENT.

There are thousands so extravagant in their ideas of contentment, as to imagine that it must consist in having every thing in this world turn out the way they wish—that they are to sit down in happiness, and feel themselves so at ease at all points, as to desire nothing better and nothing more. I own there are instances of some, who seem to pass through the world as if all their paths had been strewed with rosebuds of delight;—but a little experience will convince us, 'tis a fatal expectation to go upon. We are born to trouble; and, we may depend upon it, whilst we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions—that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil; and therefore the true way to contentment is to know how to receive these certain vicissitudes of life,—the returns of good and evil, so as neither to be exalted by the one, or overthrown by the other; but to bear ourselves towards every thing which happens with such ease and indifference of mind, as to hazard as little as may be. *This is the true temperate climate fitted for*

us by nature, and in which every wise man would wish to live.

Sermon xv.

THE TRANSLATION.

Paris.

There was nobody in the box I was let into but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only because I honour the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse; but that I once knew one—for he is no more—and why should I not rescue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthropy I never think of at this long distance from his death—but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and so I strode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myself beside him.

The officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet—it might be the book of the opera—with a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took his spectacles off, and, putting them into a shagreen case, returned them and the book into his pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilized language in the world—the sense is this :

“Here’s a poor stranger come into the box—he seems as if he knew nobody ; and is never likely, were he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose—’tis shutting the door of conversation absolutely in his face—and using him worse than a German.”

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud ; and, if he had, I should in course have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, “I was sensible of his attention, and returned him a thousand thanks for it.”

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this *short hand*, and be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it so mechanically, that, when I walk the streets of London, I go translating all the way ; and have more than once stood behind in the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could fairly have wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when the marquisina di E*** was coming out in a sort of a hurry—she was almost upon me before I saw her; so I gave a spring to one side to let her pass—She had done the same, and on the same side too: so we ran our heads together: she instantly got to the other side to get out; I was just as unfortunate as she had been; for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again—We both flew together to the other side, and then back—and so on—it was ridiculous; we both blushed intolerably; so I did at last the thing I should have done at first—I stood stock still, and the marquisina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her so much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the passage—She looked back twice, and walked along it rather sideways, as if she would make room for any one coming up stairs to pass her—No, said I—that's a vile translation: the marquisina has a right to the best apology I can make her; and that opening is left for me to do it in—so I ran and begged pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying it was my intention to have made

her way. She answered, she was guided by the same intention towards me—so we reciprocally thanked each other. She was at the top of the stairs and, seeing no *châtesbée* near her, I begged to hand her to her coach—so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and of the adventure.—Upon my word, madame, said I, when I had handed her in, I made six different efforts to let you go out—And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you enter—I wish to Heaven you would make a seventh, said I—With all my heart, said she making room—Life is too short to be long about the forms of it—so instantly stepped in, and she carried me home with her—And what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, suppose, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connexion which arose out of the translation, gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy. *Sentimental Journey.*

ENMITY.

There is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will; a word—a look, which at one time would make no impression—at another time wounds the heart;

and, like a shaft flying with the force pierces deep, which, with its own not force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at.

STRENGTH

SHAME AND DISGRACE.

They, who have considered our state affirm, that shame and disgrace are two the most insupportable evils of human life. The courage and spirits of many have entered other misfortunes, and borne themselves up against them but the wisest best of souls have not been a match these; and we have many a tragical instance on record, what greater evils have been run into, merely to avoid this one.

Without this tax of infamy, poverty, and all the burdens it lays upon our flesh, long as it is virtuous, could never be the spirits of a man; all its hunger, pain, and nakedness, are nothing to it: they have some counterpoise of good; and, besides, they are directed by Providence, must be submitted to but those are afflictions not from the hand of God or nature "*for they do come forth of the dust,*" most properly may be said to *spring out of the GROUND*, and this is the reason we lay such stress upon our patience,—and the end create such a distrust of the world.

as makes us look up—and pray, Let me fall into thy hands, O God! but let me not fall into the hands of men.”

Sermon xvi.

CURIOSITY.

The love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same, or at least a sister passion to it,—seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forwards the mind to fresh inquiry and knowledge: strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would dose for ever over the present page, and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

It is to this spur, which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling: the passion is no way bad,—but as others are,—in its mismanagement or excess;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for

conversation and discourse—to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the track of nursery mistakes; and by showing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments,—by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what *is good*—by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what *is sincere*,—and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners,—to look into ourselves and form our own.

Sermon xx.

INJURY.

An injury unanswered, in course, grows weary of itself, and dies away in a voluntary remorse.

In bad dispositions, capable of no restraint but fear—it has a different effect—the silent digestion of one wrong provokes a second.

Sermon xiv.

INSOLENCE.

The insolence of base minds in success is boundless, and would scarce admit of a comparison, did not they sometimes furnish us with one, in the degrees of their abjection when evil returns upon them—the same poor heart which excites ungenerous tempers to triumph over a fallen adversary,

in some instances seems to exalt them above the point of courage, sinks them in others even below cowardice.—Not unlike some little particles of matter struck off from the surface of the dirt by sunshine—dance and sport there whilst it lasts—but the moment 'tis withdrawn—they fall down—for dust they are—and unto dust they will return—whilst firmer and larger bodies preserve the stations which nature has assigned them, subjected to laws which no changes of weather can alter.

Sermon xxi.

APPLICATION OF RICHES.

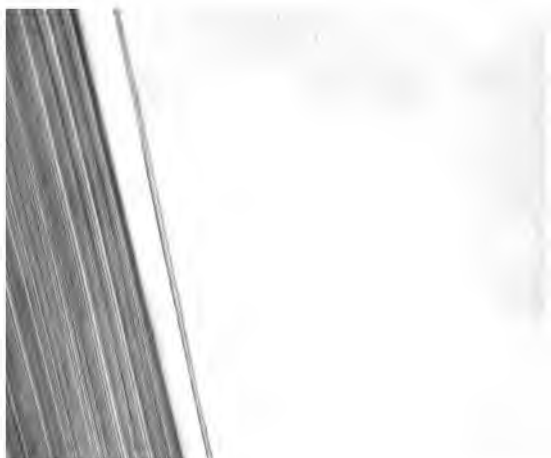
How God did intend them,—may as well be known from an appeal to your own hearts, and the inscription you shall read there,—as from any chapter and verse I might cite upon the subject. Let us then for a moment turn our eyes that way, and consider the traces which even the most insensible man may have proof of, from what we may perceive springing up within him from some casual act of generosity, and though this is a pleasure which properly belongs to the good, yet let him try the experiment;—let him comfort the captive, or cover the naked with a garment, and he will feel what is meant by that

moral delight arising in the mind from the conscience of a humane action.

But to know it right we must call upon the compassionate ; cruelty gives evidence unwillingly, and feels the pleasure but imperfectly ; for this, like all other pleasures, is of a relative nature, and consequently the enjoyment of it requires some qualification in the faculty, as much as the enjoyment of any other good does :—there must be something antecedent in the disposition and temper which will render that good,—a good to that individual ; otherwise, though 'tis true it may be possessed,—yet it never can be enjoyed.

Sermon xxiii.

THE END.







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